

The Nation.

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The Week.

THE President's message, and the reports accompanying it, appear, on the whole, to have made but little impression on the public mind. The praise of them one meets with in the papers is feeble, and so is the blame. The general sentiment, as expressed by the press, seems to be that the message was a composite production—the work of many hands, and, therefore, containing no very strong or well-defined view on any particular point of public policy. It is not at all unlikely, however, that General Grant is still under the influence of the strong hostility to the President's having any "policy" which sprang up during the closing years of Andrew Johnson's reign, and that his gingerly handling of many themes is due to a sense once strong, and still unfeigned, of the danger of seeming to know more than Congress or wishing anything Congress has not considered.

The Senate's peculiar work has been upon the United States courts; on Thursday last entertaining a bill to raise the salaries of the Chief Justice and his associates in the Supreme Court to \$12,000 and \$10,000 respectively. The same day Mr. Trumbull reported from the Judiciary Committee a bill to define the jurisdiction of the Federal courts in certain cases, binding them to the "decision of the political departments of the Government on political questions," declaring the validity of the Reconstruction acts to be beyond the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, and inhibiting it from entertaining jurisdiction in any case arising under the execution of these acts in Virginia, Texas, and Mississippi. On Monday, Mr. Drake spoke at great length in favor of his bill taking away from the Federal courts all power to pass upon the constitutionality of acts or joint resolutions of Congress. His argument can hardly be said to have been listened to by his colleagues. The same day, Mr. Carpenter, of Wisconsin, introduced a bill empowering the President to retire any judge of the Supreme Court when satisfied that the latter, by accident or infirmity, is permanently incapacitated for the duties of his office. On Monday, also, Mr. Wilson presented a bill to regulate the importation of foreigners under contracts made abroad, and involving service for a term of years in this country—the first attempt at national control of the Chinese immigration.

The ninth census has been the House's chief occupation during the week, owing to the fact that the bill regulating it must become law before January 1, or fail altogether. General Garfield has very properly led the debates, and has thus far saved his bill from serious alteration, like that threatened by General Butler when he moved to make the

officers of internal revenue, enumerators. Mr. Jenckes secured what appears to be a valuable amendment in the interest of mining, manufacturing, commercial, and social statistics, to be collected and arranged by experts, in addition to the enumerators. Mr. Ingersoll, of Illinois, brought up the currency question on Saturday, in a bill authorizing the Treasury to issue legal-tender notes to the amount of \$44,000,000, with which to buy in and cancel gold-interest-bearing bonds. He wanted this bill referred to the Committee of Ways and Means, and an effort to lay it on the table failed—88 to 64. But General Garfield succeeded in getting a reference to the Committee on Banking and Currency, by 88 to 57—a sign, we take it, of a healthy condition of the House. On Monday, several bills for the admission of Virginia were appropriately referred.

Cuba and Georgia have engaged the attention of both Houses. In each the thrilling resolutions of the South Carolina Legislature were presented; and on Monday Mr. Ward, of New York, in presenting a monster petition in favor of granting belligerent rights to the Cubans, obtained a suspension of the rules that it might be read. This was all very well, perhaps, but in the Senate Mr. Carpenter scarcely appeared to advantage in offering a resolution that, in the Senate's opinion, the Spanish gunboats ought not to be allowed to leave the United States during the continuance of the rebellion in Cuba. What he said yesterday in support of this resolution we may consider next week. In the treatment of Georgia, both Houses followed the President's lead in preparing for a remodelling of the Legislature, the chief difference between them being that the House would act through the military commander, the Senate through the actual Governor, of the State. On motion of Mr. Morton, acceptance of the Fifteenth Amendment was insisted on. On Tuesday, the late Senator Fessenden was appropriately remembered in eulogies something more than formal, and noticeably numerous in both branches.

There is talk of the renewal of the *Alabama* negotiations, but this time in Washington, which is undoubtedly the proper place for them. Upon a matter of so much delicacy, and on which so many persons have to be consulted, there was never much chance of a settlement anywhere else. But then there is not much chance of a settlement even there unless the Administration makes up its mind as to what it wants, and means to insist on. It will not do to keep on saying that the Johnson treaty would not do; everybody admits that, and there is no further market either for exposures or refutations of him. Before the negotiations can again be opened with a chance of success, the Administration will have to say for what it desires material, and for what moral, satisfaction, and must also define "moral satisfaction." As between nations, it is a very vague phrase. Formal apologies, it must not be forgotten, for governmental acts are unknown between first-class powers except as the humiliations imposed on a conquered enemy.

General Terry has made a report on the condition of Georgia which is not very pleasant reading. He says, in substance, that in many parts of the State there cannot be said to be any government at all, that in no part of it is there any security for life or property, and to negroes in particular, seeking redress for injuries, magistrates dare not, and juries will not, do justice. Ku-klux bands rove over the State, chastising whom they will, and keeping the well-disposed and peaceable in constant terror. General Terry's remedy is the conversion of the existing Legislature into a "provisional legislature," "from which all ineligible persons should be excluded, and to which all eligible persons elected

to it, whether white or black, should be admitted," and this Legislature, he says, would "enact such laws, and invest their executive with such powers, as would enable him to keep the peace, protect life and property, and punish crime." On what General Terry bases these expectations it would be hard to say. He must either suppose that the wrongdoers will pay peculiar respect to laws passed by a legislature installed by a military commander (there are already laws on the Georgia statute-book against murder, robbery, and arson), or that it will arm the Governor with extraordinary powers, and give him an armed police or militia to enforce them. But we all know that the laws of a "provisional legislature" will count for no more with the truly wicked than the laws of any other; that great powers, without the physical means of exercising them, would simply make the Governor ridiculous; and that there is no probability that the State would supply him with a police.

General Terry's other remedy is the restoration of military government, which, he says, "is a very simple process." The restoration of a nominal military government is, no doubt, easy enough—a pen and a sheet of paper are all that is needed. But a real military government for Georgia, one that would secure life and property, would include 10,000 soldiers, and these General Terry has not got, and is not likely to have. He has now less than 300 infantry all told, besides the artillery in the forts on the coast. There is really something comic in the notion which many good people seem to entertain, that if you call the government of the State a "provisional" or a "military," and not a "civil government," and do not let its representatives sit in Congress, the Ku-klux people will stay quietly in their beds at night, the police magistrates dispense even-handed justice, and the petty juries stand nobly by the negro. What heightens the effect of this is, that while the State was under "military government" before, these outrages were as common as they are now; and they will be common for a while after all thought of military government has been abandoned. Even the negro, for whose protection the proposed change is recommended, being something of a wag himself, will be amused when told that the government, being now called "provisional," he may sleep in peace.

A bill is now before the Senate prohibiting the Supreme Court from "holding any act of Congress whatever invalid for any supposed repugnancy between such act and the Constitution of the United States, or for any supposed want of authority in the Constitution for the same." Mr. Drake, of Missouri, made a long speech advocating it, in which, after saying a great many things with which everybody is familiar, about the impropriety of allowing five judges, or even one judge, to veto the acts of the legislature, he got down to the essential point—which is contained in the question, If Congress is to have the sole right of judging of the constitutionality of its acts, is not Congress omnipotent? No, says Mr. Drake; "this objection has no force, inasmuch as it is based on the supposition that a majority of Congress would be equally regardless of their oaths of office, their fealty to the Constitution, and their duty to the people." We suppose it must have emanated from some wicked man, probably a Copperhead; but then seeing "it has no force," and the majority of Congress is sure not to do wrong, why have any Constitution at all? Why restrain this body of sages by any restrictions whatever? Why not let them make their own Constitution every session? Indeed, why administer any oath of office? Is not it an insult to make such a body swear that it will do its duty? In old times, it used to be supposed that constitutions were made for the protection of the minority against the majority, but then the simpletons of that period were not aware that majorities never tyrannize, or even desire to tyrannize. Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, in replying to Mr. Drake, asked "whether all history did not demonstrate that the greatest safeguard of liberty and private rights was to be found, not in the legislative branch of the government, but in the fundamental law administered by an independent and fearless judiciary?" Mr. Edmunds seems to be getting "unsound."

M. André Cochut, the well-known French economist, has a very interesting article in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in

which he states once more, and unanswerably, as it seems to us, the Cuban case against Spain, which is probably stronger than ever colony had against a mother country. There is hardly a single principle of political justice which has not been violated in the government of the island. Moreover, he alleges that the Cubans contributed heavily in money to assist the revolutionary chiefs in their arrangements for the overthrow of the Queen, and were thus entitled to expect a full share in whatever benefits flowed from the success of the enterprise. The reply of the Spaniards, of course, is that their good intentions were frustrated by the revolt, and that if the Cubans will lay down their arms they shall have justice. M. Cochut, however, suggests as one difficulty in the way of the Spanish Government in dealing fairly with the island, the heavy interest of the Spanish trading and manufacturing class in the maintenance of the monopoly of which the Cubans are now the victims. M. Cochut sees no probable termination to the present struggle, and no possible means of restoring Cuban prosperity except the autonomy of the island, and lauds highly the forbearance and honorable dealing of the United States towards the Spaniards.

The Porto Rican deputies have, however, at last obtained seats in the Cortes, and early in November gave that body an account of the condition of the island, which, according to them, is horrible. Six deputies out of ten spoke, and they all told the same story; there were no roads, no schools, no police; trials were secret, condemnations arbitrary, punishments cruel, the laws mere decrees of the Governor, the taxes overwhelming, and, to crown all, there was slavery. The new constitution for the island has been drafted, admitting it to the rank of a Spanish province.

An account of the proceedings in the McFarland divorce case has been furnished to the Cincinnati *Commercial* by an Indianapolis correspondent, from which it appears that violence to the extent of smashing furniture and crockery, besides habitual drunkenness and failure to support his family, and two or three abandonments of his wife, were proved against him by her father, herself, and Mrs. L. G. Calhoun, of the New York *Tribune*. But the proceedings were conducted as privately as possible; the only notice to the defendant, who did not appear, was the publication of the summons four times in a weekly paper of the town of Martinsville in Indiana. The State Attorney appears to have intervened to the extent of cross-examining the witnesses; but a cross-examination without any knowledge of the facts, and without any instruction from the other side, was of course of no use whatever. Whatever be the merits of this case—and we have no intention of casting any discredit on any of the witnesses examined in it—we have only to repeat, as to the value of such divorces, that to annul a contract like that of marriage on an *ex parte* hearing, and without any notice, or attempt to give notice, to the other party, beyond publication in an obscure country paper eight hundred miles from his residence, is an enormity which Indiana may of course perpetrate as she pleases, but to which other States ought to give no countenance or sanction. We suppose there are few persons who are not cognizant of cases in which perfectly innocent, often helpless and dependent, wives have found themselves divorced in this way, without their knowledge, from rascally husbands, who, after having deserted them for the requisite year, and supplied proof of the requisite term of residence, are thus set free, perhaps to marry a paramour.

We perceive that subscriptions are being collected to assist in McFarland's defence, and judging from a little stump speech made by that gentleman to the coroner's jury prior to his committal, he evidently considers himself the champion of domestic purity, and other people are helping to confirm him in his delusion. If anything were wanting to make this repulsive affair still more repulsive, it would be the conversion of his trial into a defense of the institution of marriage, and himself into a heretic; and yet, we fear, we shall witness it, or something very like it. We believe he and his friends are abundantly able to provide for his defence, and we hope no indignation over the Richardson marriage will seduce intelligent and respectable people into helping

to put a good face on a cold-blooded and cowardly murder, by giving him any money for any purpose. Do not let us have in New York a revolting farce like the Sickles or Cole trial. Mr. Beecher has, by the way, retracted his charge of adultery against McFarland, interpolated in the report of his address at the funeral which appeared in the *New York Tribune*.

The *Indianapolis Journal*, in reply to the attacks, now so numerous, on the administration of the divorce laws of that State, says that "the Indiana lawyers and judges, far from encouraging divorce suits, dislike and avoid them extremely, and that persons coming into the State merely for the purpose of residing the length of time requisite to procure a divorce, have the seal of social disapprobation irrevocably placed on them." To get an Indiana divorce, the petitioner has to swear that he or she is a *bond-fide* resident of the State; and if he or she swears it, what, the *Journal* asks, can the Judge do? In short, it throws the whole blame of whatever scandal Indiana divorces have caused on the perjurors from other States who flock in to get them. This is all very well as far as it goes; but then who is responsible for the State's being a place to which perjurors love to resort? Surely the people of it. When they find that their laws attract vicious people it is their duty to change them, instead of calling on other States, as the *Journal* does, not to have bad men and women among their population. One little change we will take the liberty of suggesting—a denial of divorce in all cases in which both parties are not real residents in the State, and the rigid exaction of proof of personal service of the summons on the defendant. It would appear, however, that a person coming into the State as Mrs. McFarland did, for the mere purpose of getting a divorce, is not a *bond-fide* resident, and, what is more to the purpose, the Judge, her lawyers, and the State Attorney must have known it.

The *Delaware State Journal and Statesman*, after speaking of the *Nation* in terms which modesty forbids us to quote, mentions, by way of giving additional weight to our views on the Georgia question, that "the editor holds a Federal office by appointment of General Grant." The *Journal and Statesman* will, we are sure, be sorry to hear that there is no truth in this assertion. It describes what ought to be, no doubt, but which, alas! is not. We hold no office, and, what is worse, none has ever been offered us, nor has anybody ever "gone to Washington" on our account. To say that we do not feel this would be mere affectation, through which the simplest would see. We should, we confess, have valued some little place greatly, not for the sake of the money, but for the sentiment of the thing. We have bottled up our wrath pretty well so far, but patience on some subjects has its limits, and General Grant will shortly hear from us.

The conflict of the free-traders and protectionists in France grows faster and more furious. The treaty with England will be, next year, terminable on a year's notice, and the protectionists are making fierce assaults on it, under cover of the odium attaching to the arbitrary way in which it was negotiated and imposed on the country. By way of stopping their mouths, the Government has ordered a commission to enquire into its effects on certain branches of manufactures about which most complaint is made—namely, metallurgy and its subsidiary trades, and the cotton, linen, and woollen manufactures. But the commission contains Rouher and Michel Chevalier, who helped to frame the treaty, as well as other free-traders, and is therefore treated by the protectionists as a farce. To pacify them, the Emperor offered places on it to Pouyer-Quertier, the well-known manufacturer and agitator, as well as M. Brame, Baron Gros, and others; but as these gentlemen are only offered a voice, and not a vote, they will probably all decline. Pouyer-Quertier has done so already, with some indignation; but then he is naturally in a bad humor, having failed terribly as a candidate for the legislature, both in Rouen and Paris, people not caring much about his tariff gospel, and caring a great deal about his thick-and-thin support of the worst acts of the Imperial régime during the last eighteen years. He was plunged into confusion on the platform in Paris by being asked, after having proclaimed himself an unflinching foe of despotism,

whether he had not voted fourteen times for the law of Public Safety (which enabled the Government to transport people without trial). He had to confess, and, after confession, of course there was nothing left for him but to disappear. The south is, in the meantime, coming out fiercely in defence of the treaty—Lyons, Marseilles, and Bordeaux, as the representatives of the great silk and wine interests, joining hands in support of it. The general opinion now is that the executive will do nothing more about it at present, and the commission will report nobody knows when.

The Austrian imbroglio seems to be making but little progress towards settlement, at least as far as regards the Czech difficulty. If the slaves could be got to lump their claims and pretensions, of course the trouble would soon be over. But then the Galicians claim autonomy as *Poles*, and mainly with the view of making the province a rallying-ground for the champions of Polish independence. The Bohemians, on the other hand, stand up for a revival, with the necessary modifications required by the federal union, of the historic kingdom of Bohemia, with of course a Czech government, against which 2,000,000 of Germans resident in Bohemia, and possessing a large portion of its wealth and enterprise, protest violently. Until some arrangement has been hit upon that will satisfy all parties, or at all events supply a bond strong enough to hold the empire together, if exposed to any strains, all talk of Austria's engaging in aggressive demonstrations against any other power is simply absurd.

The *New York Times*, instead of waiting, as we proposed, three or six months to see whether that "triple alliance" came to anything, insists upon trying to "corner" us before Christmas, and, after having brought the *Pall Mall Gazette* against us, now produces the *Moscow Gazette*, as cited by Dr. Abel, the Berlin correspondent of the *London Times*, and Dr. Abel himself. Now, the *Times* ought to have quoted the whole letter; we would do so ourselves if we had room, as in this way we should put the alliance on the shelf till February, at least. What it does quote proves nothing. In the first place, the *Times* does not seem to understand the position of the *Moscow Gazette*. That paper owes all its importance to its being the organ of the fanatical old Moscovite party, and that party has undoubtedly some influence in Russia; but the *Gazette* is in no sense the organ of the Government, or the exponent of its wishes. We are sorry to find that the *Times* thinks it is better informed on questions of European politics than the *Nation*. On some questions it doubtless is; on others—and the probability of this triple alliance is one of them—we aver, blushingly, that the *Times* is in error. In fact, we can think of no reason for the *Times* considering it an authority at all, except that Moscow is a great way off. Moreover—and this is the best of the story—the Berlin correspondent of the *London Times*, whom we admit to be one of the best authorities in existence on the politics of Germany, actually agrees with us and does n't agree with the *Times*. He refers, indeed, to the speculations of the *Gazette*, but only to express his opinion that there is nothing in them. He says that on the field of diplomacy "there is many a seed sown that is not destined to grow up." "People in Berlin," he adds, "indulge the hope that the Paris and St. Petersburg parties at the bottom of the scheme will either be prevented by their sovereigns from carrying it out, or, themselves thinking better of it, as was done some time ago in a similar case, eventually shrink from the perilous adventure of provoking the nation of Germany. Should these expectations be disappointed, it is scarcely probable that Austria will be one of the interesting trio." We must remind the *Times*, also, that we never said that no "triple alliance" was "talked of in Europe." What we said was (Nov. 18) that "few who have paid even slight attention to Austrian and Prussian politics during the past year will credit a report of an alliance, for any practical purpose, between Russia and Austria as against Prussia." The *Moscow Gazette* says there ought to be an alliance between France and Russia for this purpose, and "hopes" there will. Dr. Abel says he doubts whether there will, and that "it is scarcely probable that Austria will belong to it."

THE RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

READERS of the *Nation* need not be reminded that, in our opinion, the discussion of the resumption of specie payments can never arrive at any satisfactory result so long as the present popular views of specie payments are adhered to. The whole theory of maintaining specie payments with a paper currency is based upon the ability of the bank or government that issues the paper currency to redeem it on presentation. Now, the only paper currency that can be redeemed at all times is that for every dollar of which a gold dollar is held in readiness to redeem it by the bank or government issuing it. If a bank issues ten millions of currency and has nine millions of gold in its vaults, and the ten millions of currency are presented for redemption, the bank must suspend specie payments. If all the gold in the United States, estimated at about two hundred and forty millions of dollars, were in the vaults of the National Banks, and the National Banks were called upon to redeem all the currency they have issued—three hundred millions—they would be obliged to suspend specie payments. If the United States Government contracted its greenback currency from four hundred and fifty millions to one hundred millions, and held its present stock of, say, ninety millions of gold, and the one hundred millions of greenbacks were presented for payment, the Treasury would have to suspend. If the Bank of France or the Bank of England were called upon to redeem one-half or one-third of their notes outstanding, they would have to suspend specie payments, just as the New York banks did in 1857 and in 1861. The ability of any bank to maintain specie payments so long as it issues one dollar more of notes than it has specie in its vaults depends entirely upon that one dollar not being presented for redemption. It does not matter whether a bank has one dollar in gold for every two or three or four dollars of its circulation; so long as it does not have one dollar in gold for each dollar of circulation, it will be obliged to suspend if the whole or a large portion of its circulation is presented for redemption. The soundness, the responsibility of the bank, its resources in other kinds of property, unlimited if you please, have nothing to do directly with its ability to redeem its circulation if presented. No one doubts the general solvency of the United States Government, yet if it had all the gold in the country in its vaults, it could not redeem its greenbacks if they were presented. The National Banks are supposed to be abundantly sound, yet if they had all the gold in the country in their vaults they could not redeem their notes if they were presented.

No one will believe this to be a serious statement. The answer will readily rise to every one's lips: if the Treasury had so large an amount of gold in its vaults, every one would know that he could get the gold for his greenbacks whenever he wanted it, and no one would present any greenbacks for redemption. Or, if the National Banks had so much gold in their vaults, who would not prefer to hold and use and carry bank-notes? Who would think of presenting them for redemption?

But our statement is a perfectly serious one. The answer which rises to every one's lips is precisely the whole popular fallacy that underlies the whole misunderstanding of the question.

Paper money in our present state of civilization is in *almost* every respect preferable to specie. For all domestic uses, paper money that can be at all times redeemed for specie will have the preference over all other kinds of money. For domestic use no one will think of presenting greenbacks or national bank-notes for redemption as long as he knows that he can have them redeemed whenever he chooses. But there is one use for which paper money is not preferable to specie. There is one use for which paper money is totally useless, and for which specie is absolutely required. That use is the payment of debt abroad. However much confidence foreigners may have in our securities, there is one security they will not take. They will not take our greenbacks nor our national bank-notes. When we have to pay them anything we owe them, they demand specie. They may be perfectly convinced that the Treasury or the banks have gold enough to pay every note twice over, but they do not want to send for it; others to whom they owe money may not believe it; others may insist upon having the gold from them; and so they must insist upon having the gold from us. We have to send them the gold, and in order to get it we have to go

to the Treasury or the banks and ask them to redeem their notes, so that we can get the gold. We know perfectly well that they can redeem them, every dollar, yet that does not prevent us from presenting the notes for redemption, *because we need the gold*. The popular fallacy is just this: that no notes will be presented for redemption as long as the holders know that they can have them redeemed at any time. The truth is, that under certain circumstances the ability of the banks to redeem their notes will not prevent the notes from being presented for redemption. Unless, therefore, the banks or the Treasury hold a dollar in gold for every dollar of currency issued, their ability to maintain specie payments after resumption will depend, not upon the popular belief in their ability to redeem, but simply upon the amount of notes that holders may be obliged to present for redemption because they need the gold. In other words, the ability of the banks or the Treasury to maintain specie payments after resumption does not depend, as the "practical, common-sense" school of financiers so confidently assert, upon the popular belief in their ability to do so, but simply upon their actual ability to redeem such notes as may be presented for gold needed to export abroad. In short, the ability of the Treasury or the banks to resume specie payments does not depend upon the Treasury, or the banks, or Congress, or the will of the whole people, *but simply on the amount of gold likely to be required for export*. If the amount of gold likely to be required for export is in excess of our annual production, no power that we know of can maintain resumption. If the amount of gold likely to be required for export is even near our annual production, the maintenance of resumption would be impossible. Resumption and the maintenance of resumption will be possible just so soon as a steady annual export of specie of considerably less than our annual production gives a reasonable assurance that our growing stock on hand will suffice to meet any sudden emergency of more than ordinary magnitude. Then resumption will be possible, but no sooner.

Seen by the light of this statement, which we take to be incontrovertible, Senator Sumner's plan of resuming specie payments, by substituting national bank-notes for the outstanding greenbacks, at once appears valueless. For the substitution of one kind of paper money for another cannot increase either our annual production of gold or diminish its probable annual export. It is true, as the Massachusetts Senator asserts, that the reduction of the amount of greenbacks outstanding, of which the national banks are obliged to have a certain quantity on hand for the redemption of their notes, would compel these same banks to hold a larger proportion of specie for the same purpose, and thus gradually bring them nearer to the point where they could resume entirely in specie. But where is the specie to come from that they are to hold in increasing quantities? Will a law obliging the banks to hold it increase the supply? It is not claimed that it would. But it is claimed that, if the banks could not get the specie which the law required them to hold, they would be compelled to withdraw a corresponding quantity of their notes, and thereby get nearer to specie payments. In other words, the whole plan of Senator Sumner is disguised contraction, or nothing at all. Now, if the position taken by us at starting is correct, it must be shown that contraction will either increase the production of gold or diminish its export, or else contraction can not be claimed as an aid of resumption.

Thoughtful contractionists believe that a moderate contraction of the currency would cause increased economy, diminished consumption of foreign goods would diminish our imports from abroad, and thereby lessen the probable export of specie, and thus aid in resumption. We will not attempt to deny that contraction would cause increased economy; indeed, it would lead to some suffering and widespread impoverishment, and a largely diminished consumption of foreign goods. But does a mere diminished importation also necessarily diminish the probable export of gold? The amount of gold to be exported, roughly stated, is the amount by which our imports exceed our exports. The imports alone do not make up the difference. It is necessary that the exports continue the same. If the exports diminish as much as the imports, the balance to be covered by the export of gold would remain unchanged. Now, nothing can be more certain than that our ability to export largely depends upon a large domestic pro-

duction, that the only stimulus to domestic production or production of any kind is found in the prospect of a profitable sale, that contraction and forced economy diminish the prices of all products and diminish consequently the prospect of a profitable sale of products, diminish the stimulus to production, and consequently diminish production itself. But if our ability to export largely depends upon a large production, will not diminished production diminish our exports, and will not smaller exports of products compel a larger export of coin? It is evident that contraction will not diminish the export of coin.

We are not arguing the question of contraction generally. It is possible that our currency is in excess of our wants, and may have to be reduced, but any argument in favor of reduction must be based on some other grounds than its aid to specie payments by means of its supposed effect in diminishing the export of gold. That contraction is not necessary to produce economy is very evident from the fact that with our present expanded currency extravagance of every kind is notoriously decreasing every day, and is being followed by a compulsory economy of the most pinching kind. That without contraction prices of every article are rapidly declining need not be told to any one who has anything to sell. That without a dollar of contraction our credit abroad is rapidly improving, every one knows who reads the daily papers. We are strongly impressed with the belief that within a few years the present circulation of the country will be largely decreased, but let not contraction therefore be prematurely urged as a remedy for evils that it will not cure, or as a doubtful stimulus to subtle changes that are accomplishing themselves without that aid.

But when shall we be ready to resume? That question, of course, is not easily answered. Gold is now selling at about 123. The exports of gold this year have fallen considerably below those of last year, and for the last four months have entirely ceased. We have a large portion of an abundant grain crop, and of a liberal cotton crop at high prices, left to export. The present condition of the foreign exchanges indicates that there is no large foreign indebtedness now maturing. The importing trade all complain of unusual depression of business and a growing indisposition to import goods from abroad. There is, therefore, a reasonable probability that there will be no large coin export for some months to come. Should this presumption prove correct, and the present depression in business continue for any length of time, we shall probably find by the end of spring that we have added a large portion of the annual production of specie to our stock on hand, and are to that extent better prepared for resumption. The premium on gold is then likely to be lower. The losses involved in resumption are then likely to be less. The minds of the people, no longer looking at specie payments as a distant event, will have been gradually preparing for it. Returning thrift and economy will have increased our exportable products and diminished our importations far beyond what contraction or forced resumption could have done, and if we are, in addition, favored with good crops next fall, we may see Congress, in its session of 1870, discuss the practical measures necessary to resumption with some prospect of resumption being maintained. Until then, the whole question is likely to remain untouched.

THE BAR AND THE JUDGES.

In any very evil state of society, the blame is generally to be about equally divided among all classes of men. The evil may be more conspicuous at one point than at another; but, on a close examination, it is usually found that the stain goes very deep and reaches all orders—all departments of government. In the discussion to which the judicial corruption of this State has given rise, the invectives of the press and public have been launched altogether at the heads of the venal judges. Very little has been said about the responsibility of the bar for the present state of things. Nevertheless, a good deal may be said with justice. In other countries, and in the better days of our own, the bar, in one way or another, always assumed a position of authority and responsibility about the organization and procedure of the courts of law. It has professed to know more on these subjects than the rest of the community, and has claimed the right of being listened to as an au-

thority on them. Thus it has dictated the selection of judges; it has moulded the reforms in pleading; it has managed the admission of its own members; in short, it has stood between the public and the courts, protecting each against the interference of the other.

Of late years, however, not only in this State, but in all the States, a totally different view of the relations of the bar to the courts has become popular, and has at length not only worked its way into State constitutions, but has now begun to be favorably regarded by many members of the very profession whose most deadly foe it is. According to this new theory, the judiciary is responsible, not to the bar, but to a vague, indeterminate, inconstant, changing body, popularly called and believed to be "the people," but, in reality, being a succession of irresponsible party caucuses. According to this view, of course, there is no longer any relation of duty between courts and lawyers. The courts, just like any other political bodies, are responsible to their constituency, "the people," while the bar has now only duties to perform toward its clients. In the old order of things, an order which still exists in theory, a barrister was an officer of court, responsible to his superior; in the new order he is about as much an officer of court as, let us say, an elective sheriff. Lawyers, knowing that they have no voice in matters relating to the judiciary, come to regard the judge somewhat in the light of an alien enemy gifted with extraordinary powers, the operation of which it is their business to elude as far as possible.

Thus far the new theory only affects the relation of lawyers and judges, without touching the essential characteristics of the bar as a learned profession. But it would be a mistake to suppose it stops here. Its next step is to change the organization of the bar. Under the pretence that justice requires that law, just like the ready-made clothes or retail apple business, should be thrown open to all comers, regardless of their ability or proficiency, the friends of the "people" next broke down, whenever it was in their power, all the conditions of admission to practice. It was urged, as a conclusive argument, that no long study was required by the State of licensed pedlars or cattle-drovers; why, then, should any be required of licensed attorneys? The people could judge, it was said, whether a lawyer was a good lawyer or a bad, and if this was so, there was no reason for any restrictions upon practice. It was in vain that it was replied that clients, as a matter of fact, found it very hard to judge between a charlatan and an efficient counsellor, or that the very persons who were least likely to be good judges were the same ignorant poor who were most likely to expose themselves to the deceptions of impostors. Nor did the advocates of the new order pay any heed to the argument—a very efficient one, if standing alone—that the entire judicial system, being a purely artificial creation, called into existence by the State for purposes of its own, was eminently a fit subject for regulations and restrictions of all kinds. We say this argument found no friends, and the reason is evident. After the bench had been thrown into the market, it was absurd to maintain a fastidious inconsistency about the bar. So, at one fell swoop, bench and bar were thrown into the arena, and judicial and professional honors became the prizes of a degraded scramble. It is true that in most States "boards of examination" were allowed to remain amid the general wreck, but how much good they have done is hardly even problematical, for they have always been rather a legal fiction than anything else. The same deference to "the people" which gave the new movement its original impulse sufficed to prevent the boards of examination from any greater efficiency than may be comprised in methodically registering and passing all applicants. It is perhaps surprising that these boards have not themselves been made elective bodies; if they had been, the dominant political party might have acquired the control of the bar as it has of everything besides. We throw this out as a mere suggestion for what it is worth.

The remaining move made by the advocates of the changes we have been commenting on, was to keep at a low point the salaries of the judges. The effect of this upon the character of the bench is obvious. Its effect upon the relation of the bar to the bench, though less evident, is no less real. The low rate of remuneration accorded the judges under the new system made it at first difficult, and at length impossible,

for any of the best lawyers to accept judicial positions, and thus one more link was severed between the judiciary and the bar. So long as the elevation of accomplished lawyers to the bench was a familiar spectacle, so long, of course, did the bar continue to regard itself as a part of one judicial whole. The more unfamiliar the spectacle, the more alien does the judiciary seem. Gradually the old ideas of mutual responsibilities and mutual duties die out. The lawyer comes to look upon himself as the carpenter or the tailor looks upon himself, and upon the bench as a political engine of oppression and wrong, which often thwarts, but may, if judiciously used, further his professional schemes. While the judges still continue pure, he uses ordinary means; when they become corrupt, he grumbles and becomes a corruptor. He has no control, no influence, no authority; he is only a lawyer. Why should he interfere? The people elects Barnard, Cardozo, and McCunn; if it likes them as well as Kent, and Marshall, and Story, let it be so. If the minds of the lawyers of this city were to-morrow opened for public inspection, who does not know the uniform type of cynical indifference which would appear to view?

For the last twenty years the courts of this State have been steadily sinking in integrity, dignity, and intelligence, until to-day there is hardly a judge within the limits of New York who is not at least suspected of corruption the moment his name appears before the public. Yet in all this time the bar has maintained a timid silence on the subject, some of the causes of which we have endeavored to point out. Although it has long been manifest to most of the intelligent lawyers of the city that unless they moved nobody would move, and the state of affairs must continue to grow worse until some terrible calamity should rouse the public to action, still they did nothing. They grumbled in private, they confided horrible tales to their wives and their friends; but as for action, that seemed as far off as ever. The consequence of their silence was that, for a long time, no knowledge could be obtained of the nature of the difficulties in the way of reform, except what came in the shape of a vague, inarticulate cry from the newspapers. But the objection to the ordinary newspaper as an organ of law reform is, that however immaculate a slogan it may set up, its accusations of corruption are so common and so indiscriminate, and it is so unsparing at all times of its vocabulary of abuse, that when the necessity for really strong language comes, no one pays any more attention to its attacks than they would in the case of an ordinary "newspaper controversy." When, in addition to this, it is remembered that the profession of journalism does not generally include a knowledge of the common and statutory law, the slight effect of the great dailies in this matter may perhaps be accounted for. But let the bar speak, and all is different. The public will always attend to the opinions of experts when the public interest is involved. And there are several signs that the prolonged and dangerous taciturnity of the bar is at length coming to an end. The appearance of the appeal by eminent lawyers on behalf of the judiciary amendment in this State, and the singular success with which this movement was attended, points to an increased interest in reform on the part of the only portion of the public who are really competent to pronounce an opinion. The projected organization of the Law Reform League within the bar points in the same direction. In 1873, according to the provisions of the new judiciary article, the question will be put to the people whether they will retain the present system or substitute that of appointment. All parties are disgusted with the present régime, and with energy and concerted action the elective system may in that year be for ever destroyed. On the other hand, if the change is not made then, the State goes on in the old road for twenty more years—until another constitutional convention meets—and then the effect of this may be imagined.

A CATHOLIC LESSON FOR PROTESTANTS.

THERE is one instructive feature of the Ecumenical Council, to which, however, it would, perhaps, be useless to draw the attention of anybody but Protestants; and that is, the striking illustration it offers of the power of organization. Catholics, of course, will not be persuaded that the force which enables an old and not very able priest to summon from the four quarters of the globe an assembly whose decisions the greater portion of Christendom will regard as the direct

utterances of Divine wisdom, and a dozen sovereigns are looking for with real anxiety, does not emanate directly, and as it were miraculously, from the Almighty himself. But Protestants, whatever they may think of Romish doctrines, have long been satisfied, and with abundant reason, that the organization known as the Roman Catholic Church, such as we see it, with its great clerical army, its elaborate yet skilful discipline, its wonderful power of using all kinds and conditions of men for its own advancement, of adapting itself to all stages of civilization and all varieties of manners and antecedents, of bringing learned and simple, proud and humble, to kneel before its altars with a forgetfulness of worldly distinctions which the Protestant sects all preach, and sigh, and pray for, but have never been able to bring about, is simply a legacy bequeathed to the modern world by the Roman Empire. Mr. Maine has pointed out, in the closing chapter of his great work, the influence which was exercised on the doctrines of the Latin Church by the Roman lawyers, into whose practised and cunning hands the moulding of the ecclesiastical organization naturally passed, or, at all events, from whose minds and methods the church naturally received a powerful impress after it had emerged from the Catacombs and become the religion of the state. It was from them, too, that the clergy undoubtedly learned the art which they have never since lost—the art of government, the art which enabled them to build up on the ruins of the political empire, and without other materials than savages and slaves, that splendid spiritual empire which, because it is spiritual, is perhaps the greatest glory of the human race, and whose wonderful passage through fifteen hundred years of storm and change, the oldest, proudest, and, all things considered, most powerful of existing institutions, the Ecumenical Council meets to celebrate.

Now, the thing which distinguishes the Latin Church to-day from the Greek Church, and which distinguishes it from all the sects which have broken off from it, which makes it a sovereign power treating on equal terms with secular governments, instead of being a mere state institution for the spread of religious instruction, or an obscure association of believers for worship and mutual edification, is, undoubtedly, that it has from the beginning been managed by jurists, or men thoroughly permeated by the juridical spirit. Mere theologians, or mere moralists, or mere politicians, would have made shipwreck of the church as an organization long before the ninth century. The Christian religion they, no doubt, would have preserved—that had foundations to which the Roman lawyers could make no additions; but the Catholic Church, as we now see and know it, could never have passed through the Dark Ages and come down to our time if there had not always remained at its head a body of men who had inherited the great traditions of the Roman bar, its knowledge of human nature, its sagacity, its subtlety, its faith in human reason, and, above all, in cultivated human reason, as the controller and director of the affairs of men.

The Roman lawyers, it must be remembered, were not simply what the modern bar is so apt to be—a mere body of advocates enduring drudgery for hire; they were, in reality, a body of philosophers, to whom the Roman people committed, through several centuries, the moulding of their jurisprudence—that is, the application to the regulation of their public and private affairs of the best morality of the time. They were, too, almost equally familiar with legislation and administration, and passed with a facility unknown in our day from the laborious studies of the closet to the command of armies and government of provinces. In short, the Roman people, wonderful in many ways, were above all wonderful in this, that they not only emerged from barbarism mainly through their own efforts, but they, through all their storms and revolutions, never lost sight of the fact that if a state is to live or be worth living in, its ablest men must make its laws and fill its offices; that, whatever the wishes of the people may be, it is in the silence of the jurist's study, and not amid the clamor of the forum, that the machinery for carrying them out must be provided. The result was that, in spite of their complete ignorance of political economy, and their maintenance of slavery, they succeeded, without gunpowder, or steam, or electricity, in building up an immense empire, in completely assimilating the greater part of it to Rome herself in

morals and manners, and in so thoroughly permeating it with the spirit of her civilization that at this day her language forms the groundwork of that of three of the greatest nations of modern Europe, and there is not a court in Christendom whose judgments are not influenced or moulded by the opinions of the great lights of Roman jurisprudence. The Roman bar did not pass away without teaching the clergy the secret of Roman strength; and they used their knowledge and their juridical habits of thought to build up that wondrous ecclesiastical structure which to-day excites so much of the world's awe or detestation. They met the savage northern invaders in the same spirit of self-confidence which Suetonius expressed so finely in his speech to the legionaries in Britain when, with his little handful of men, he found himself opposed to the countless hosts of Boadicea—"not to mind the noise and empty threats of the barbarians; that the fate of every battle was decided by the swords of a few brave men."

It is very certain, as it seems to us, therefore, that "the army of progress" may learn a good deal from that venerable and, as many think, effete organization, the church. Human character has, within historic times, undergone considerable modification; but the constitution of the human mind remains and will remain the same as long as the race lasts. Knowledge will always be power; reason will always, in the long run, govern the affairs of men. Its doing so is one of the lines by which Providence has separated man from the brute. Human society is the most delicate of all pieces of God's handiwork; more delicate by far, even, to him who considers it aright, than the human body; and the power, the longevity, the influence for good, the share in carrying the world on to that golden age for which, whether as the Kingdom of God or the Good Estate, so many generations have sighed and have yet to sigh, which may be attributed to any one community, will always depend on the amount of cultivated reason it contains, which it brings to the conduct of its business. For communities which deliver themselves over to vain babblers, and potterers, and ignoramuses, and believe that the heights of heaven can be scaled by much speaking, there is clearly no lasting place, no great or illustrious destiny, reserved in this world of ours as at present ordered.

A PEEP INTO THE CABINET WINDOWS.

WASHINGTON, December 12, 1869.

THE liberal reformer's idea of an administration after his own heart would no doubt at the outset assume, like Voltaire's satire and Presidents' messages, that in this best of possible worlds this nation is the best of possible nations, and by consequence this Administration the best of all administrations, past or to come. But at this point the connection between the ideal and the real is certain to stop. The reformer would have said to himself that here, at the beginning of a period of sound and healthy reaction, is a new government chosen by common consent to restore peace, to sweep away abuses and corruption, to guide our great and vague ideas of national progress, and, as the result of all, to fix again deep in the popular mind the sound principles of constitutional republicanism, which have lost a little of their power, thanks to war and party politics. By a sort of natural and inevitable growth, a whole scheme of duties would develop itself regularly and consistently in the new President's mind, and, when the time came for laying it before the world, there could be no confusion or blundering; each part of the composition would be strongly sketched; harmony would rule everywhere; nothing would be wanting or out of place, nor could there be gaps, or botches, or blurs in a work where every touch was subordinate to a central idea. In an ideal President there are no mistakes of judgment, and still less any evasion of responsibilities which are the essence of government. All his words are weighed, with the end of maintaining the executive in its proper position of the chosen leader of the people in all its liberal and progressive projects. But perhaps one would take most pleasure in the working of an ideal administration; the unity and the solidarity, so to speak, of the different elements of the administrative brain; the economy of force shown in intelligent co-operation, from the President down to the errand-boys; the long and laborious discussions on what seem small points, as the disposition of a few thousand dollars in relief of taxation, or the difference of one-half per cent. in the interest of a

new loan; the quick and decisive resistance to impudent dictation from outside, as in the case of removals from office; the open and cordial reception of knowledge, from whatever source it might come; the deliberateness of reflection and decision; the unanimity when decision is reached; in short, the fixed purpose showing itself through every act to place the executive at the head of the government and the nation.

If any one who took up the President's message last Monday had these ideas in his head, he probably felt a lively degree of disappointment. Almost at the outset he would discover that the President does not propose to himself any general scheme of action, and he would be perplexed at learning that the President, so far from showing zeal for the correction of abuses, wishes to postpone all consideration of the taxes which most swarm with gross abuses, and this, too, without offering the smallest reason for postponement. The evils of the Civil Service do not even meet with so much as a word of notice, and the views presented in regard to political economy are almost calculated to upset one's faith in the progress of knowledge, and to call from another world the angry ghost of Adam Smith. Nor is this all. That the Government should express opinions which seem to a part of the public quite indefensible, is nothing very new to the world; but that it should express a variety of views on the same subject, each inconsistent with the others, and sometimes equally indefensible, is a novelty in administration. But the documents that come with the message offer precisely this spectacle. The President, for example, urges as the cardinal point of his internal policy an immediate return to specie payments by means of a sliding scale, without necessary contraction. The Secretary of the Treasury dissuades immediate resumption, but if anything is to be done he inclines to a regular monthly contraction. A reformer may be ready to agree with either, but certainly cannot follow both. The Secretary's political economy is quite as eccentric as that of his chief, but it would puzzle a professional juggler to know what he is driving at in regard to the commercial marine. The President recommends a reduction of the income tax. The Secretary's whole financial scheme seems limited to the conception of a visionary four and a half per cent. loan, and he would leave everything else, even the income tax, as it is, in order that the Government may continue to the end of time its superb operations in shaving its own notes. The Comptroller of the Currency has, on his specialty, views which are also peculiar to himself. The Secretary of the Interior urgently presses a reform of the Civil Service, which the President and the other Secretaries apparently are either indifferent or opposed to. And to crown all, while the President and the Secretary of the Treasury vie with each other in dissuading interference with the taxes, the Special Commissioner of the Revenue, with their apparent consent and encouragement, issues a most elaborate and vigorous denunciation of the tariff.

Here is certainly richness! Never was there a government which left its affairs in a looser, not to say a more slovenly condition, or troubled itself less about appearances. But the confusion has its advantages, too, and one of them is that any ordinary outside observer can without an effort look, as it were, into the windows of the Cabinet, since the windows are thus left wide open for every curious loafer to gape at. The President's message is an actual challenge to analytical criticism. One may take it to pieces like a child's puzzle. Here is the sensible and cautious touch of the Secretary of State! Yet it would have been interesting if he had expressed a little more distinctly his ideas as to the present legal status of the *Alabama* claims. There, all in a row, are ranged the other Secretaries! Every now and then one catches a nervous stroke which recalls the manner of the Attorney-General. So far, all is order; all is, if not very great, at least very good. But when one looks for the most important officer of the Government, the Secretary of the Treasury, one asks with surprise where on earth he has stuffed himself, and whence comes it that his department is in such hopeless confusion? Are the remarks on reciprocity conceived in his style? Is the postponement of reform in taxation his brilliant idea? The message recommends a reduction of the income tax, but Mr. Boutwell recommends maintaining all the taxes. Still less is the Secretary's hand to be seen in the currency projects of the message, which are in the most undisguised opposition to his ideas as contained in the report. The

four and a half per cents may indeed be set down to his credit without a sigh, but the suggestion of a Commissionership of Customs Revenue is surely a long-cherished and often-urged project of Mr. Wells. What, then, has happened to the Secretary of the Treasury? The wide space his figure should fill is left void and blank, except for the vague outline of half-a-dozen blurred and unrecognizable forms which seem at one time to resemble the President, at another some one Secretary, or, again, some face not known to Washington. Is it possible that Mr. Boutwell has of his own accord obliterated himself in this shocking manner, or has he been compelled to do so? Or, most alarming supposition of all, is this droll figure of four and a half per cent. all that really exists of Mr. Boutwell anywhere in this world; his whole and identical image; what Carlyle would call Mr. Boutwell's mysterious ME, standing in the conflux of eternities?

Whatever may be the reason, it is perfectly evident that the financial part of the message shows nothing but confusion, want of concert, and strange mixture of boldness and timidity. The boldness is most evident in the remarks on the currency, and it is curious that precisely these remarks, all share in which is repudiated by the Secretary, show more study and reflection than almost any other part of the message. The President's plan of resumption is that which Sir Robert Peel adopted for the Bank of England in 1819, with the omission of much cumbrous machinery, and the substitution of a very ingenious scale of appreciating the value of the greenback in proportion to the ordinary rate of interest, so that there could be no motive for hoarding greenbacks, the bonds still remaining a better investment for capital. There is one weak point in this plan, which is the danger of a sudden turn in the foreign exchanges; but even against this the Treasury might be easily protected. The timidity of the message is most conspicuous in the evasion of the difficulties of taxation, and the only reason for this timidity seems to be the eagerness of the party hacks to escape the issue of protection, which threatens to cause serious trouble, and perhaps a general break-up of party lines. Yet it is universally agreed by all parties concerned that this recommendation to postpone can amount to nothing. The coal and iron battle has already begun, and must be fought out, whatever side the Administration takes. The only effect of the President's course is to throw the whole subject over to Congress, and to weaken and distract the energy of the reformers, so as to make it probable that the session will be wasted in empty disputes. Still, another result may be to encourage the movement which is on foot to put an end to Mr. Wells and his commission, which expires next June by limitation, unless renewed by a direct vote in Congress.

Turn and twist all these different threads, however, whichever way one chooses, they invariably lead back at last to the same point. While in all other respects the message is a strong document, and while the Secretary of State, though standing on less favorable ground, has surprised even his friends, and seems almost to carry the Administration on his shoulders, yet, wherever the region of finance is touched, one only finds the most unconcealed proof of a lack of unity, and often of irresolution or even downright ignorance. Something has evidently gone wrong in the Treasury, or the Secretary has proved himself to lack the strength necessary for his place, since wherever he is seen his influence is absolutely negative. This internal discordance makes the whole financial policy of the President more or less a failure. Even his bold lead in the currency question is weakened by it, since it is evidently not in harmony with his other ideas and those of his chief subordinate. But, after all, the true significance of the weakness so brought to light is the question it raises, whether, in the face of coming necessities, the situation can possibly last.

FATHER HYACINTHE AS AN ORATOR.

THE discourse of Father Hyacinthe in the Academy of Music last Thursday evening (the French *conférence* is a more expressive term for what was neither sermon, oration, nor lecture) was a charming lesson in rhetoric for American orators, professional or lay, fledged or unfledged. It was marked by the absence of that constant peculiarity of American oratory—the making an effect, or, what is worse, trying to make one; for whether or not the effect is produced, the effort at effect is conscious to the

speaker and palpable to the hearer. An American orator goes at his audience as an enemy to be vanquished by the force of his logic, his figures, or his facts; to be captivated by some strategy of words; or, if need be, ridden over by a tremendous charge of eloquence at the last. All through his speech or oration he is working up his effects, with his mind so intent upon these that a perceptive hearer is all the while aware that an assault is being made upon him by a succession of climaxes; and as the speaker approaches the last of these, there is an accelerated movement, as at the close of a symphony, for which the whole apparatus of sound and motion is brought to the utmost intensity of action. With rare exceptions, the American orator does not at the outset put himself *en rapport* with his audience, as people of average good sense and an intelligent interest in his subject, to whom he is about to talk because he has something to say that is worth their hearing. He begins by feeling around his audience for some point of sympathy or attack, as the case may be, and seldom loses his consciousness either of himself or of his hearers by absorption in his theme. In these respects, American oratory is intensely forced and mechanical.

Father Hyacinthe, on the contrary, appeared before an audience of three thousand strangers in the quiet, easy way in which he converses in the parlor. Hardly seeming to raise his voice above the tone of ordinary conversation, he took up the word "apology," just dropped by the president in introducing him—"et moi aussi, mesdames et messieurs, j'ai besoin d'une excuse," and after two or three minutes of pleasant, animated conversation, he had an audience of sympathizing listeners, to whom he could talk, if he chose, with his hand in his pocket—feeling that he had them there also. To be sure, he had the reputation of a great orator, and the favoring interest that attaches to his peculiar position; but these put him to the disadvantage of having to realize everybody's ideal of himself, and to disappoint a curiosity that prudence and delicacy forbade him to gratify. Yet speaking in an unaccustomed place and dress, amid surroundings far from congenial to his clerical tastes, under a cruel hoarseness—saying nothing of the Pope and Council or of his own position and prospects—he held the rapt attention of the assembly, and received its enthusiastic response. What was the secret of this? That one who for years has been acknowledged the foremost pulpit orator of Paris, the bare announcement of whose name would draw thousands to Notre Dame two hours before the appointed service, and whose *conférence* would hold standing for another hour the volatile and the serious, the common and the cultivated, in one accord of fixed, silent, earnest attention, must have the gift of speech in its divinest qualities, would have been accepted upon the testimony of these facts themselves, had no opportunity been given here for observing and analyzing so renowned an orator. And now that he has been seen and heard in contrast with our own orators, it is difficult to say more than this—that he *does* move his hearers with a masterly and fascinating power, and (as De Pressensé has described his preaching in Notre Dame) "seems to send over them a breath that lifts them like the waves of the sea," while at the same time his own soul "is like an Aeolian harp, quivering with intelligence and sensitiveness, vibrating with every breeze that blows about it."

His manner, as we have said, is easy and natural—that of a cultivated gentleman engaged in earnest, animated conversation. A musical and flexible voice, possessing that peculiar quality called sympathetic, at once charms the ear and excites the hearer to a pleasurable susceptibility independent of the words spoken; and the orator has so trained and cultivated this instrument that though it possesses no great compass, and is incapable of deep and heavy notes, a mere inflection will give new force to a sentence, and a word or clause uttered *diminuendo* will seem to draw after it the soul of the hearer into the very depths of the speaker's own soul. This magnetism he knows well how to use, and the natural play of emotions through the tones and cadences of his voice is the very perfection of oratorical art. Father Hyacinthe uses this power to the best advantage in those two effective forms of sentence, the antithesis and the climax. His sentences are transparently clear, and so well constructed that every word is fitted to its place; and when he advances from step to step in thought, until the sentence grows to a paragraph, each clause is so adjusted to its fellows, and the whole structure is so simple and withal so rhythmical, that the mind takes it in without an effort—or, rather, is carried into it as if this were its own thinking. But in the delivery, Father Hyacinthe makes every advance of thought telling by his varied rendering of the emphatic word. Thus, in his discourse upon "Civil Society and Christianity," speaking of the original right to the soil of him who first cultivates it, he says:

"Ah! when I have done this, there is no power on earth—even though it call itself Louis XIV.—which has the right to stand up and say, as this monarch once said, 'I am the owner; you are the tenant.' No! the owner is myself. It is all mine—soil as well as crop. You cannot rend that patch of earth from me; neither can you give me a title to it. My right consists in the act of my will, which said to this field, this forest, Be mine. My right consists in the landmark I have placed in the hedge I have planted. My right! it is in the sweat of my brow, the blood upon my hands, the rude embraces with which my love and labor have seized and fertilized the land. Henceforth that land belongs to the person of man. I hold it in my own right, and God stands by me in the claim."

The finish of each sentence in Father Hyacinthe's discourses shows that they are fashioned with care, yet there is nothing elaborate or complicated in their construction. He does not write before speaking, but meditates long and profoundly, and brings everything into the best shape in his own mind. In speaking, his gestures, like his voice, obey the impulses of nature; he never studies dramatic effects.

The thought of Father Hyacinthe's discourses is not properly philosophical in its conception, nor formally logical in its method. Rather it is philosophy under the forms of poetry, and logic fused into feeling. Yet every discourse evinces a subjective order of reflection and composition in the mind of the orator. As one listens to him the method of his discourse is latent—for seldom is his argument in the form of a syllogism, or strictly consecutive—and at times he appears rather to be saying beautiful and brilliant things about his subject than developing the subject itself. Yet, as in the best musical compositions the trained ear will detect the theme running through the entire movement, so in the after-study of one of Father Hyacinthe's conférences, if not at the moment of listening, there is apparent a law of unity ordering the movement of the whole; a central theme of thought around which his exquisitely toned sentences move as progressive variations.

This was true of last Thursday's conférence. His subject was "The Conduct of Life." First defining life as essentially motion, having a point of departure, a direction, and an end, he described the heart as the *force motrice* in the life of man, a force at once conciliating and ruling between reason and sense; it idealizes and purifies both thought and sensation; the sensations mount to it, and reason descending, the two therein unite and fecundate. Reason alone cannot supply a serene emotion, a principle of consolation. In the moral order the heart is the power of loving. Above all, man is a *lover*, and therein lies his strength. He who thinks in his heart is the true man, the good man, the happy man. At this point the speaker broke forth in a fervid exhortation to love—love the family, love country, love the state, love right and justice, love the church, not as a sect, but as that divine institution which unites under one banner all the children of Jesus Christ. The heart as the motive power teaches that life should be devoted neither exclusively to temporal things, nor to heavenly things to the neglect of the earthly. As at the first, man was placed in the Garden to till it, so the Eden of to-day is our planet, which we are to subdue and enrich as an act of duty to God and a preparation for heaven. And so the heart carries religion into daily life. And this motive power tends to the realization of the brotherhood of humanity, a consummation which Father Hyacinthe eloquently described as the grand problem of the nineteenth century and of this continent.

Here was a course of thought and argument logically connected in the mind of the orator, though not after the manner of Mill; and a real philosophy, both mental and ethical, though not formulated after the manner of Sir William Hamilton. Indeed, a part of the charm of Father Hyacinthe's oratory lies in the fact that he conveys important truths by suggestions rather than propositions, and is so much the thinking of the heart. Yet it is not wanting in deep, close thinking—a little scholastic, and at times mystical, but nevertheless profound and original thinking; for while it is easy to see that to an American audience there was nothing new or striking in last Thursday's conférence, yet from him it was both fresh and original; and there was an intense interest in hearing from the lips of a priest of the Roman Catholic Church the declaration of the sovereignty of conscience, the sanctity of marriage, the divine ordination of the family, the spiritual unity of the Church, the universal brotherhood of mankind in freedom and equality. Despotic rule in France has taught him the art of uttering the boldest truths under suggestive forms that escape the letter of the law; and so in these significant utterances he defined his position toward the Pope and the Church without really naming either. His address before the Peace League is a fine example of this power in its hits at "personal government." All his thoughts are in harmony with the highest truths, and show the broadest sympathy with humanity, and the widest

charity for all who possess the love of Christ. They seem to flow spontaneously from the heart; and this marks the third and highest point in the analysis of his oratory. Father Hyacinthe is a man of deep convictions; a thoroughly sincere man; one feels that he believes what he says, and is in earnest because he believes it. This sincerity and earnestness of feeling rise at times to a sublime fervor of utterance. As he portrayed the heart as the true motive power of life, he stood before his audience the impersonation of his doctrine that the heart creates ideas—that ideas are not gained by climbing the ladder of reason, but "descend from God, and take life and dwell within us, and make the mystery of our actual life, its deliciousness, its sublimity, its deification." In uttering such sentiments, Father Hyacinthe is borne aloft by the fervor of his own feeling; with upturned eyes, unconscious of himself or his hearers, he seems to be conversing with God in the lofty, fiery strains of Isaiah, or rapt in contemplation with the mystic beauty of Fra Angelico. De Pressensé had caught this impression when he wrote, "The imagination of Father Hyacinthe is beautiful and grand; he seems even to be lifted by the movement of his own thought and heart, and at his best moments he has a power of fascination which is absolutely incomparable." Such an orator is one that the world will not suffer to be silent, and if the Church of Rome has no more use for him, he will yet find a pulpit broad enough for both Christianity and man.

FRANCE.—BISHOP DUPANLOUP AND M. VEUILLOT.

PARIS, November 26.

THIS is a fortnight of "sensations," and what the French call *événements*. The Ollivier Ministry and the Dupanloup Letter—these are, in truth, "événements" in Parisian parlance. As the latter of the two is by far the most important, and that whereof the importance will be longest felt, I will begin by it. Every American reader will still have in his mind the fiery protestation of the great Carmelite, Father Hyacinthe, three months since. Scarcely a few days after, came a short but curious appeal to him from the Bishop of Orleans, imploring of him not to be implacable in his resolve, but to re-enter the bosom of the church.

For those who know Monseigneur of Orleans, this letter, some weeks back, meant simply that he felt uncertain as to the issue of the Ecumenical Council, was inclined to believe the Jesuits would have the best of it, did not intend in that case to oppose them, but was sorely grieved at finding such a theologian and such a celebrity arrayed against him as the Père Hyacinthe. Things have marched since then; and, by dint of examining closely into the actual position of matters, the ambitious Felix of Orleans has discovered that probably the Ultramontane party may suffer a defeat before the assembled church at Rome. Accordingly, to the stupor of the ultra devout, out came the active and talented Bishop, ten days since, with a pastoral letter, which took all France by surprise. He therein exposed doctrines which, *in fact*, are merely those which lie at the root of Father Hyacinthe's terrible protest—doctrines which are one and the same with those of the German episcopal manifesto, and re-echo all that the so bitterly disliked Archbishop of Paris had put forth in his valedictory letter to his clergy.

In very dutiful and circumspect language, the Bishop of Orleans treated as heterodox and "impossible" any attempt to proclaim the infallibility of the Pope. He distinctly asserted the infallibility of the *assembled church*, and the primacy of the Pope. He distinctly stated that the sovereign Pontiff is "*primus inter pares*," and absolutely nothing more. He reverted straight to the doctrine of St. Augustine, and of all the fathers of the church, and above all (and worst of all, in Jesuit eyes!) he declared the church and the episcopacy of France to have always been, and still to be, the truest, best guardian of Christian tradition and doctrinal truths. This is true—but this implies "Gallicanism," the word so abhorred of all Jesuits—the word in which such men as Bossuet, upon whom it has been the delight of the Ultramontanes of our day to throw odium of every kind, conquered. The camp of the devout was in pain and vexation extreme, sorely put to it, and really knowing not which way to turn. "*On ne sait d quel saint se couer*" became a plain truth, for Monseigneur of Orleans had, through his violence and intolerance, become the "saint" of all the ranting old women and canting young priests in France. And lo! here was this paragon of piety, this doctor, this surest and severest of spiritual guides, backsliding, and slipping about neither more nor less than the old serpent himself, or Father Hyacinthe, which is all one. Who to believe in now, since this prop had given way! "Believe in no one," cry the Jesuits; "there is no belief in science, or in truth, or in man, or even in the Gospel! There is but the Pope only! Believe

in him—once make him *infallible*, and the whole thing is easy enough." Granted; but these very Ultramontane brawlers had affirmed Felix of Orleans to be next to infallible himself! What was to be done? Pending this, there came worse. Of course, the mouthpiece of the perplexed and discomfited had been M. Veuillot in the *Univers*. Of course, no sooner was the Orleans manifesto published, than he prepared his cudgels, and set to work right lustily to belabor M. Dupanloup, as he had already belabored M. Mazet, the learned and pious Bishop of Suza. But this time Tartuffe-Veuillot had met with infinitely more than his match, and he brought down upon his head, to the very last drop of the vials, wrath that had been gradually filling at the source of the public indignation. Mgr. d'Orleans turned round, doubled his fists, set to with a will, and—there is no Veuillot left! There is an ugly, shapeless, unclean mass, better to contemplate from afar than to touch—and that was Veuillot! and that is what the deadly blows and cutting stripes of the most idolized of intolerant bishops have made of him! I doubt whether anywhere in literature, prose or verse, from Juvenal to Junius, there exists anything so ferocious as this episcopal onslaught. But rarely, if ever, has anything been so well deserved.

The effect is tremendous; it is as if the roof of Notre Dame had fallen in, and crushed the entire congregation. People shake themselves, get rid of the dust and rubbish of a great demolition, and look around to see where they are and what has become of their neighbors. I have lived nearly all my life in France, and for fifteen or twenty years seen many things happen, but such a sensation as the Bishop of Orleans has created I have not seen since the *coup d'état* of '51. It is a *coup d'état* in the realm of conscience, and not perhaps to be duly appreciated by foreigners; not to be appreciated by any one who had not made a study of the moral and religious situation of this country for the last ten or twelve years.

Just after Father Hyacinthe's letter a very devout (but enlightened) Catholic said in my hearing: "We are lost, for they will make a second Spain of France, and all true faith will be trodden down by gross, impious idolatry." This is the situation which, it is probable, M. Dupanloup's two recent publications will help to modify; and for whosoever thinks the religious condition of a nation worthy his attention, it is certainly one of the most important events that could occur. But I again repeat that, for those who know M. Dupanloup, there is more importance in *his* having been the executioner in this case than if any other member of the French episcopacy had been so. If the cause of the Ultramontanes and Jesuits had not been a *losing* one, Hotspur-Felix of Orleans would never have asserted himself as he has done; consequently, his conduct implies even more than an individual act, and gives hopes to all true and intelligent Christians that good and not evil may yet come of the Roman Council.

A few words may not be thrown away in describing some of the various phases of the official life of the Bishop of Orleans. As a young man, he distinguished himself chiefly by his friendship with the group of liberal Catholics, such as Lacordaire, Montalembert, Cochin, the Broglies, and others; and he remained several years curé of St. Roch without being particularly famed, even for his eloquence. There were orators in the pulpit, as Ravignan, Lacordaire, and others, so much more eloquent than himself that it was not until they were no more that his celebrity began. He based his origin upon his liberalism, and in 1853 made himself a candidate for the Académie Française. Though the public was much surprised thereat, he was elected, and for several months the cry of "*A liberal prelate!*" was raised and echoed through the world of letters. Until the current of Ultramontanism set in with such sudden and unexpected strength (chiefly after Castelfidardo), the Bishop of Orleans did nothing to forfeit the reputation he had gained, but about six years ago he gave signs of an intemperance of zeal and an intolerance that plunged his friends into despair, and caused the Jesuits to exult. This phase endured till a few days since, and then came the pastoral letter to his clergy, which took people of every shade of opinion aback. Above all, the friends of Father Hyacinthe are full of rejoicing, and say, "Now you see how, in the main, he was right in all he said; for here is the champion of Rome, and of the Syllabus even, taking his stand in reality upon the same ground, and resisting all attempts at encroachment on the part of the Pope." The one word is spoken, the one step taken, by the Bishop of Orleans, from which he can never recede. He has thrown in his lot with the "church" instead of with the Pope's person; and it is to be hoped that the majority of the episcopacy of all nations will follow him. If so, greater benefits may ensue upon the convocation of the Council than are generally expected.

Now, to turn to politics. The notion of a ministry formed by a minis-

ter, and not imposed upon a certain number of ministers by the Emperor's will or caprice, is also an event which makes the public open its eyes in wonderment at the progress made by liberal ideas within the last six months. If Émile Ollivier remains firm and does not give in, he will have done as much for political as the Bishop of Orleans for religious freedom. If he yields one iota of what he demands, he will have lost the finest position any man has occupied in France since Casimir Perier. There is less importance in the objection made by people generally to M. Ollivier than you would suppose. They say, "He is incapable of being an efficient minister—he is not a politician—not a statesman." That may be; nay, I am disposed to think that is so; but his capacity or incapacity for politics *as a minister* is not at present what he is called upon to prove. The part he is called upon to play is that of an independent, honest man, who will *not* be a minister save on the conditions which *he* thinks right, and save on the *one* condition of responsibility for the evil or the good he may achieve. Should Émile Ollivier obtain power on the conditions of forming a cabinet and being responsible for its policy, he may, after he has obtained it, wield it with more or less capability. That is of small consequence. Should he prove a capable minister, so much the better; should he prove an incapable one, *his* work will be done all the same, for no other after that will consent to be a mere nominee of Napoleon's; and the *fact* of ministerial responsibility will be established, and self-government have virtually gained the victory over personal rule. You see I was not wrong in telling you that this fortnight has been rich in "events." Every day that passes by now may bring modifications that no one has looked for or deemed possible. Paris and Rome may, each in its way, afford great lessons.

Correspondence.

MR. JAMES AND THE SWEDENBORGIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

"A SWEDENBORGIAN" quibbles. I have nowhere said that he and his fellow-sectarians claim any special divine sanctity in their "personal" capacity, but only in their corporate or ecclesiastical aspect. The *soi-disant* New Jerusalem possesses, in the judgment of its members, a superior sacredness to any other church, a diviner warrant to exist: such is not only the implicit logic of their position, but its overt dogmatic precept as well. Else why should they exclude every previously baptized person from their communion who refuses to undergo *re-baptism* at the hands of their priesthood? Is your correspondent's disclaimer of any force against such a fact as this?

Your correspondent would fain construe me, also, into a self-constituted light-house. His sarcasm stultifies itself, for I have no pretension to that immodest designation, being at most an inspector of the article, and this purely *en amateur*. Thus the obvious function of a light-house being to warn, not to invite, whenever I discover one passionately wooing the anxious mariner to its embrace, or saying to him, "Come boldly on," in place of saying, "Be off as fast as your trembling legs will carry you," I am sure that this is no honest light-house at all, but a mere *habitaculum* of wreckers living by the plunder of the innocent. It is exactly this judgment of mine that your correspondent complains of, in reference to the light-house set up, as he says, by his sect. For seeing, as I do, how fatal a thing it must be to the voyager in search of that holy city, the New Jerusalem, whose spiritual itinerary is broadly traced by Swedenborg, to get stranded upon the heartless rocks, and barren sands, which here and there usurp that sacred name, and profess to constitute a visible anchorage and embodiment of its spotless doctrine, I cannot help lifting my voice through the fog to any bewildered wretch who seems exposed to such a catastrophe, and advertising him of the skulking peril that besets him. It is a mere affair of spiritual temperament in me, and disclaims any official or even officious significance. No one in fact can be more willing than I to see every one who frankly chooses his fate undergo spiritual shipwreck. I am, Mr. Editor, yours truly,

HENRY JAMES.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Dec. 11, 1869.

[The "Swedenborgian" has called upon us, "the light of battle in his eye," and expressed a wish to prosecute these hostilities still further in our columns; but we have firmly informed him that, as far as we are concerned, the controversy ends here.—ED. NATION.]

A WOMAN'S COMMENTS ON THE McFARLAND CASE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Concerning the McFarland-Richardson tragedy new testimony, of course, may yet come to light vindicating the parties whose action led to the commission of the crime. But from such evidence of facts as yet appears I hardly understand the degree of blamelessness which seems accorded to the wife of McFarland and the murdered man. I totally condemn this arbitrating by powder and shot whatever questions concern the honor of women, and think that this particular class of quarrels has had the monopoly of assassination quite long enough. But I yet fail to see how this especial case, as some newspapers argue, is one peculiarly adapted to rouse public sentiment against murderers of this order. That the life of the late victim was a useful one, that he was a man, as it seems, of amiable qualities and much beloved by his friends, that the woman who "drew him to his doom" is also reported as an estimable person, gifted and attractive—these are certainly reasons for lamenting a tragedy involving such characters; they are motives to pity, but are they arguments for justification? When our involuntary sympathy with the untimely death of the one and the harrowing desolation of the other of these two sufferers gives place to our calm judgment, does that also find these parties interesting above others, blameless above others who have been similarly undone?

Extraordinary circumstances, as I have said, may yet be shown (and I trust they may) to have justified the very extraordinary facts openly admitted in that long-ago published letter of Mr. Richardson, which so curiously combined something manly in its style with something very confounding in its acknowledgments. That a gentleman and lady should exchange love-letters and be betrothed within three weeks after the latter had separated from her husband was, in short, a state of things which would not be countenanced save in those who had very immense arrears of virtue and honor to draw upon. And just here lies the point which moves me to take up my unwilling pen on this subject. Is there or is there not a most fatal weakness in our moral judgment when we pardon in the better man what we should infallibly condemn in the worse? Natural this may be. Is it just?

Thus run such defensive arguments of the press as I have seen: Mr. Richardson and Mrs. McFarland were not vulgar people—they were educated, high-toned, honorable—*therefore* what they did was right. Now bring up some uneducated, low-toned man and woman—some pair down in the obscurer strata, where life's complications press just as painfully and more darkly—let such be convicted of nothing more than that premature relation which these openly avowed, and with what derision would their claims to virtue and honor be received! I would say this with all due reserve. I know that the upright, even when they fall, are not as those who go prone by nature; but the question is, Has an immoral position an absolute quality, or is it only relative to the previous character of the individuals concerned? If it is a grave question how bloody revenges like those of McFarland are to be stayed, it seems to me of equal moment that right should be established as right, and wrong as wrong, in relations whose disturbed balance vibrates from the top to the bottom of society.

You say in the *Nation* of last week, justly condemning McFarland's crime, that "the country swarms with half-crazed husbands and lovers, who read the law reports, and see that no outrage is punished, provided a man can show that his feelings about some woman led him to commit it."

True. And I say also that "the country swarms," the whole world swarms from the beginning, with sore-tried men and women, women not matrons in their thirties, not fortified by years or culture, having no impersonal outlooks of thought or literature, to whom personal relations mean all of happiness or misery—beings struggling in ties more or less unfortunate, and crying wildly against conscience, "Shall we not break free ourselves, no matter for the wreck we leave behind us?" Among these are multitudes who do not read the *Nation* or aught else, but to whom surely filters down whatever the *Nation*, whatever all papers and books and tongues of men everywhere say, as to whether one's selfish good shall be set first or second in the conduct of life.

I am no admirer of that type of women who continue to worship and adore utterly unworthy men, be they husbands or otherwise. The love of a rational being is the heart's spontaneous tribute to lovable qualities. But in the majority of all close human relations, even when love lies dead, fidelity has yet a noble office. There are outrages, it is true, before which even this last minister must fly; but when such climax has been reached, it would be more fortunate if it could be proved this side of the State of Indiana.

I have seen reported a discussion of this tragedy in a woman's rights club of New York, which has the more induced me to say what I have. I am too ignorant of the various New York societies for advocating these interests to know the relative rank of the club referred to; it may not be representative, but its ideas lean in precisely this direction which I deplore—a bias that, whether justly or unjustly, is still so much suspected of marking the new reform, that, despite the weakness of Bushnell and the strength of Mill, thoughtful women still hesitate to join it. The lady orators of this club declaim indignantly against "the right of property in women;" they declare of Mrs. McFarland, "There was a woman mentally formed to outgrow her husband, he was not her proper mate," etc., etc. Which premises being freely granted, what follows? That she should take her proper mate forthwith? Certainly, according to the club. With what decency may be, but at all events take him, otherwise her "development" will be thwarted. Ah rash orators! Our development goes on in strange ways. Through thwartings many, over the wrecks of passion and of hope, oftentimes goes on God's best development in us, and who shall hinder it? Does anybody doubt that ill-assorted marriages are in the majority? What multitudes of husbands and wives we all see to whom Somebody Else would be more congenial. Heaven and earth speed the day, all angels above and clubs below help it on, when men and women shall come to such insight and the seasons shall so conspire that the Somebody Else shall be more generally discovered and secured in the *first* place. But while human nature is rash, and human beings live their deeply related lives, there will ever be paths unwisely entered on, from which nevertheless it is all *but* forbidden to look back.

Some coarse and domineering notions are doubtless still extant in the male mind, but "the right of property in women" need not be so jeeringly flung back on them. Men and women alike, we are all owned somewhere—morality, civilization, the world has a right of property in us. No man liveth unto himself, and if women seem to be yet more straitly held, is it all "a relic of barbarism?" Undoubtedly some of it is, but since the Lord Almighty has made woman the very keystone of home's arch, so that the wider wreck inevitably ensues from her displacement, the stubborn race, observant of consequences, will be likely to criticise most sharply whatever new architectures may seem to make her place vacillating.

AMONG THE HILLS.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. LIPPINCOTT & CO. announce as nearly ready a new edition of the Rev. Howard Malcom's "Index to Religious Literature," with addenda; we hope also with manifold corrections, for which there was room. Nearly ready, too, is Mr. John Humphrey Noyes's "History of American Socialisms," from an inside point of view, the author being the head of that most singular of all our socialistic experiments, the Oneida Community. Those who have read Mr. Hepworth Dixon's account of this body, or its organ, the *Circular*, from time to time, will expect from Mr. Noyes at least able treatment of the subject he has proposed to himself. It can be only a sketch, however, that is contained in one duodecimo volume, "with tinted paper;" but this will doubtless answer Mr. Noyes's purpose to point a moral withal. The real service has yet to be performed, by some one who will give himself up to it, of writing a detailed history of communism in this country, with names, dates, and incidents, and without philosophizing. There could be but one compilation more curious, and that would be the history of the great number of foreign settlements which have remained almost as homogeneous as when they were planted here, with a power of resistance against assimilation of which the so-called Pennsylvania Dutch furnish a near and striking illustration.

—In reading Mr. W. Thompson's admirable work on the "Parks, Promenades, and Gardens of Paris"—of which we shall make fuller mention hereafter—we have been impressed with the desirability of popularizing what experience has taught to be the principles of landscape gardening for public purposes. Some recent pamphlets on the proposed Chicago parks have done good service in this way, and Mr. Thompson's book, if it could be sold any cheaper, would do still greater. As it is, it might well be presented by any city to its park commissioners. Philadelphia, for one, would not find it a bad investment, seeing what different views are said to exist among its trustees or commissioners in regard to its park, which has by good chance greater natural advantages than most parks have possibilities. Boston, also, seems to stand in similar need of instruction,

though it has as yet only got to talking about a park; but its landscape gardening on a small scale, such as the Common and Public Garden call for, has been of a sort indicative of rather small capacity and limited culture. The city, however, does not, we believe, lack experts; and one of these—Mr. Robert Morris Copeland, if we may judge from the initials—communicates to the Boston *Advertiser* of the 2d inst. a plan which merits attention, both from the writer's experience in such matters and from its obvious adaptation to the topography of Boston and its suburbs, and to the not remote absorption of the latter by the former. It would be out of place here to say more than that Mr. Copeland advises a number of parks, connected by a boulevard encircling the entire city, and making access to one or other or all of the parks easy and pleasant from any point within the circle. Could this be accomplished, it would certainly follow, as the writer remarks, that "another generation would see Boston the most beautiful city in America."

—There is said to be extant—unprinted, we are sorry to say—an antediluvian romance, invented by a resident of Boston, in which a principal personage is Methusaleh. In the only passage of this work which has come to our knowledge, the patriarch is represented as taking a little walk on a breezy morning in one of the latest of his nine hundred and sixty-nine years. He is met by a friend and neighbor, and a short conversation ensues, which, if it could be depended upon as authentic, would almost incline one to the belief that Miss Jean Ingelow's conception of the "oldest man" is closer to the facts of his life and character than the one which Dr. Hedge has very recently given to the world. As we understand him, Dr. Hedge doubts if the word "Methusaleh" be not incorrectly referred to any one person, and if it may not really be the name of some Asiatic tribe or people, which in the course of about one thousand of our calendar years rose up, made war and peace, flourished and prosecuted the arts, and then decayed into luxury, and at last disappeared, just as kingdoms and empires are for ever flourishing and fading. Miss Ingelow, on the other hand—in some one of her poems—makes out the patriarch to have been in his old age a wicked old man, who in process of years had lost nearly all knowledge of God and good things and given himself up to heathenish practices. Our Boston romancer is with Miss Ingelow rather than with Dr. Hedge. In his hands the patriarch is not a tribe at all, but a person of a sufficiently distinct and forcible individuality, and of character not so much too good either. "How do you find yourself to-day?" says the friend, in the Boston romance, as Methusaleh approaches, taking his constitutional walk. "Well enough," says the old gentleman, with an energy not to be expected in a man bent over "two double"—into the shape of a horseshoe—"I'm well enough; if this cursed wind would leave off blowing my shoe-strings into my eyes." In support of this chronicler and Miss Ingelow—so far at least as concerns their opinion of Methusaleh's moral character—we cite the substance of some remarks published in the last number of the *Christian Union*. When Methusaleh was 187 years old, says the writer, he begot Lamech; and when Lamech was 182 years old Noah was begotten; so when Noah was born Methusaleh was 369 years of age. Now it was when Noah was 509 years old, and a small fraction of a year, that the flood came; or, as is stated in Genesis, "in the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month." So then, when the first day of the deluge dawned, Methusaleh had not completed his 969 years. Yet he was 969 years old when he died. And certainly he did not die in the ark. And as certainly he did not survive the deluge. It is probable, therefore, that he was drowned, and perished with the wicked. But may it not be that when Lamech's age at the birth of Noah is given, and Methusaleh's age at the birth of Lamech, the statement is made as we now often make similar statements? May it not be that the completed years are mentioned, and no mention is made of how far we may have gone into the current year? If that be conceded, why then, says the *Union*, we may freely suppose that Methusaleh's 969 years had run out before the beginning of the deluge, and that the oldest man that ever lived was not also one of the wickedest—too wicked to be spared with his grandson. We see little or no reason why the concession should not be made. Nor, on the other hand—if the *Union* will pardon us—why it should be. To say nothing on some other points which suggested themselves as we read "An Inquirer's" article, it could not have been a very strange thing to people of that generation that men of six, and seven, and eight hundred years old should be persons of no character. In fact, as the *Union* knows, it is because of the badness of the men and women favored with the extreme longevity of Methusaleh and his contemporaries that we of the present are not ourselves living out our term of centuries, instead of putting up with threescore-and-ten years.

—The New York *Tribune* some time ago proposed to present the *Herald* with a map. The idea appeared at first strange, but upon reflection it seems, indeed, as if it would be rather a good idea to furnish some of our "great dailies" with a full set of elementary school-books. The *Tribune* was undoubtedly induced to make this noble and disinterested suggestion by a more or less lively consciousness of its own shortcomings. To the map for the *Herald* ought to be added a hand-book of universal history for the *Tribune*, to serve the editor of this highly esteemed paper as a compass if his evil genius ever tempts him to again embark upon the wild sea of ecumenical councils. A copy of the "Conciliengeschichte," by Dr. Hefele, the bishop-elect of Rottenburg (whom Professor Schem justly calls probably the most learned among all the bishops), would perhaps prevent the *Tribune* a second time calling this world-renowned scholar "Fesole of Rattenburg." Such a hand-book of geography would be needed also to prevent the learned foreign editor from again degrading the Asturias by calling them "a city." If he had had an historical handbook, he never would have written, or would have written very differently, the article on the Ecumenical Council in the *Tribune* of December 8 (we refer, of course, to the article on the fourth page, and not to that under the same heading on the first page, which is evidently written by the well-known scholar, Professor A. T. Schem). The *Tribune* believes every one of the ecumenical councils has been held "in the basin of the Mediterranean." But, then, Basle and Constance are not situated in the basin of the Mediterranean, are they? (See the hand-book of geography.) Councils have hitherto been held in various cities of Asia and Europe, "but none at Rome till now." Really? But what about the first Lateran Council, convened 1123 by Calixtus II., under the Emperor Henry V., to settle the all-important question of investiture? and what about the second Lateran Council, convened by Innocent II., 1139, under the Emperor Conrad III., which condemned the heresies of Arnold of Brescia? and what about the third Lateran Council, convened by Alexander III., 1179, under Frederick I., which condemned the errors of the Albigenses and Waldenses? and what about the fourth Lateran Council, as held under Innocent III., 1215, which confirmed the dogma of transubstantiation? The fifth Lateran Council we shall pass by, since it is not universally recognized by the Catholics. At all events, the fact that four Councils have been held at Rome will save us the trouble of animadverting upon the ingenious reasons the *Tribune* puts forth to explain why there has been *none*. After this, the present council can of course expect little mercy. We accordingly find that, according to the *Tribune*, a special notice to attend was served on the Greek and Armenian patriarchs residing in or near Constantinople. The *Tribune*, as the German proverb says, heard the bells ring, but did not know where they were hanging. All the so-called Eastern Churches were honored with an invitation to attend, but the invitation served on the Armenian patriarch of Constantinople has been especially talked of on account of the highly interesting consequences it has had. Patriarch Boghos forbore to give a definite answer ere he had received the advice of his superior, Kebork IV., the Catholicos of the Armenian Church, residing at Eschmiazin. Kebork having refused his permission to accept the invitation, Boghos, with four other prominent members of the "Medjlis," who leaned towards Rome, tendered their resignations, which, upon the instance of the opposing party, were accepted by the Grand Vizier. This will do for the present, though the article in question furnishes many most tempting points.

—Among the best appliances for studying geography must be reckoned the raised maps in imitation of the surface of a country, which have long been in use abroad. They ought to form part of the equipment of every grammar-school at least, but so far as our experience goes this is never the case among us. Rev. W. L. Gage, of Hartford, has had manufactured in Germany a map of Palestine on this principle, showing the mountains, valleys, plains, and water-courses of that diversified land, and the principal places and districts—in the selection of which last his services as editor have chiefly consisted. It measures about eleven inches by nine, including the narrow wooden frame, and contains a separate representation of Jerusalem and its environs. We notice a few literal errors, such as Gaulanitis (for o); and Gath, as one of the five cities of the Philistines, might have been expected to appear on the map. But on the whole we can say that any one sending Mr. Gage one dollar will get not only the map postage free, but also his money's worth.

—We do not remember a journal which was ever started with so favorable a staff of contributors as Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s *Nature*, of which the third number is now before us. Of American names it presents those of Agassiz, Cooke, and Wolcott Gibbs, of Harvard; Mr. S. H. Scudder,

of Boston; Professor H. Morton, of Philadelphia; and Professors Dana, Brush, and Johnson, of Yale. Berthelot, J. B. Dumas, Feruet, and Quetelet are among the contributors. Of the German scientists who will write for the new paper are Wöhler, of Göttingen; Streng, of Giessen; Oppenheim and Magnus, of Berlin; Kékulé, of Bonn; Fehling, of Stuttgart; and Hauer, of Vienna; and to these may be added the name of Dr. C. Le Neve Foster, of some Piedmontese institution. As for Englishmen of eminence in science, or the "popularization of science," there is hardly one who is not under promise to Messrs. Macmillan & Co. There are Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Jevons, Haughton, Galton, Lewes, Charles Kingsley, Hooker, Murchison, Forbes, Lubbock, Bruce Jones, Brodie, F. W. Farrar, Rolleston, Hirst, Odling, Clement Markham, and a hundred or more of others. Popularizers of science will be needed as much, or nearly as much, as scientists worthy of the honor of the name, in order to carry out the intentions of the publishers of *Nature*, for the journal has in view a twofold object. It is intended—perhaps primarily intended—to place before the general public the broad results of scientific work and discovery, and to urge the claims of science to a more general recognition in education and daily life; and it is also intended to aid scientific men themselves by giving early information of every advance in the field of the natural sciences throughout the world, and to give them an opportunity of discussing such questions, arising from time to time, as they may be interested in. Abstracts of papers now before European and American scientific societies and reports of scientific meetings will be furnished for the benefit of scientific experts. For the general public there are to be full reviews of scientific books; full accounts (illustrated when necessary) of scientific discoveries of general interest; records of the efforts, now everywhere more frequently making, to give to science a prominent place in institutions of learning; and, finally, articles in praise of science, and articles on subjects connected with the various points of contact of scientific knowledge with practical affairs. "For the general public," we have said, will this last-mentioned work be done; but, as we have said on other occasions, and as we now and then feel inclined to repeat—so much do the men of science permit themselves to prowl and bite at the "sensual caterwauling" of the poets and novelists and essayists—the experts also in this and that science will, doubtless, get benefit and assistance from the "popularizing of science," to which a great part of *Nature* will be devoted. The scientist most eager to exalt science, and most disposed to condemn the imperfection of the culture of which scientific knowledge is not an ingredient, and most apt to despise smatterings of knowledge, ought to find it easier and easier every day to make the confession that for him, too, a vast portion of science in general must be "popularized"; that no more than the merest "sensual caterwauler" who troubles Professor Huxley's repose, can he or the Professor himself lay claim to the title of expert in all the branches of science. But however its contents may be divided and shared out, it is evident already that they are going to be valuable and interesting to a wide circle of readers; and the paper's price puts it within easy reach, for it is sold for fourpence in England, and in this country for twelve cents, although it is a handsome and well-printed quarto of some thirty pages. It can be had in monthly parts if the reader should prefer it in that shape, and the price of each part would then be about half-a-dollar, exclusive of postage.

—In the second number of *Nature* there is an article on cuckoos' eggs, by Professor Alfred Newton, which has an interest as dealing with a sort of feathered land-pirate, who, thanks to Shakespeare and Wordsworth, occupies a high place in poetic literature, and who also cuts a great figure in the idle folklore of more countries than one. The article has, too, a special interest for many readers because it seems to furnish some corroborative evidence of the theory of natural selection so dear to Mr. Darwin—or rather suggested by Mr. Darwin, and so dear to Darwinians. Everybody knows how the cuckoo lays her eggs in the nests of other birds, confiding in the ability of her broad-backed young to shoulder out of their homes the natural possessors. There has long been a theory that to secure the safety of her offspring while yet the shell is unchipped, the mother cuckoo colors and marks her eggs so that they resemble to a greater or less degree those of the bird in whose nest they are deposited. Mr. Newton, after having examined several good-sized collections—gathered in Africa, France, and England—of the eggs of cuckoos and other birds, is more than half ready to believe that the old, vulgar notion is correct, and that there is a "law of nature" in obedience to which the cuckoo's egg is in a great many cases, though not always, colored like the egg of the victim of her imposition. For example, in Sologne, a district which lies just south of Orleans, in France, the cuckoo's eggs are almost all blue, and almost always found in the nest of the stone-chat, a bird whose eggs

are always blue. Again, in 1858, a Mr. Tristram sent to Mr. Newton, from Algeria, a collection of eggs, among which were some of the cuckoo. But Mr. Newton found two more cuckoo's eggs than Mr. Tristram had led him to expect. The fact was, that these two were so nearly like the eggs of a certain North African magpie, on which the young cuckoo is often billeted, that, skilful an oölogist as Mr. Tristram was, he had been deceived into thinking them laid by the magpie. And again, Mr. Newton finds that the birds which most frequently act as foster-parents to the English cuckoo are the titlark, the pied-wagtail, and the reed-wren, and to the eggs of these birds that of the cuckoo bears a sufficiently close resemblance. It is proper to say, on the other hand, that the English hedge-sparrow is often pressed into service by the English cuckoo, and that there is seldom—perhaps never—any similarity at all between the eggs of the dupe and the deceiver. But so many are the cases to be cited on the other side, that this exception rather suggests a question as to the perspicacity of the hedge-sparrow than supplies a weighty objection to the existence of the law above mentioned. Now, how are these facts to be accounted for? It will hardly be believed, Mr. Newton thinks, that the cuckoo can in each particular case voluntarily influence the color of her egg so that it shall deceive the particular pair that she intends to victimize. That hypothesis he rejects, and rejecting it he makes or finds the loophole through which comes in the theory of natural selection. Every person who knows about the habits of animals, knows very well, says he, that certain of these habits tend to become hereditary. There is then nothing very unreasonable in supposing that each cuckoo, most cunningly placing her egg in the nest of the same species of birds, transmits this habit of hers to her posterity. It is not attributing marvellous sagacity to the cuckoo to believe of her that when she has found she has once fooled the titlark or the reed-wren she should seek out their nests a second or a third or a sixth time. Every year we see migratory birds come back and build their nests in the spots they occupied the preceding year; and that a bird should steal a nest in the place and in the way that she stole it before is not more wonderful than that she should honestly build herself one in an accustomed locality. That her young might probably do the like after her Mr. Newton believes well enough ascertained, and he mentions in corroboration of the other testimony to that effect the case of a pair of golden eagles of whom he knew. One of them was celebrated for the beauty of her eggs, which could readily be distinguished from those of any other bird of her kind. The other was the daughter of this one, and when she came to maturity her eggs were found to have the same remarkable brilliancy and beauty of coloring which had marked those of her mother. So, then, says Mr. Newton (following up his argument), we need not be much afraid to say that a cuckoo may form a habit of laying a particular style of egg as well as a habit of laying it in a particular place. Now, admitting this, we may proceed to apply the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest," and applying it, we come to the conclusion that the particular *gens* of cuckoo which inherited and transmitted the habit of laying in the nests of any species of birds' eggs having a resemblance to the eggs of that species, would prosper most in such members of the *gens* as had the trick of laying eggs most closely resembling the eggs of the species to be imposed upon; and, *ceteris paribus*, the other less skilful or fortunate members of the *gens* would in time disappear. A good test of the operation of this kind of natural selection would be to see if in the cases of birds not easily duped the cuckoo of to-day is compelled to get up a close imitation of the eggs of the rightful owners of the nest—the "birds not easily duped" being, of course, the birds which, as observation shows, the cuckoo of to-day least frequently deceives—the birds in whose nests her intruded eggs are least often found. Such, says our author, are the red-backed shrike and the bunting lark, and it is in the nests of just these birds that the cuckoo's eggs, when they are found at all, are found to be most like the eggs that belong there.

—In the *Nation* of October 7 we mentioned an unsavory fashion of damping linen, practised by Chinese servants. A correspondent calls our attention to the following passage in a letter of Southey's from Portugal (6th June, 1800):

"We have often heard a noise below which puzzled us; it was like damping linen, but so often that all the linen in Lisbon could not have supplied the sound. At last, when Maria was cleaning the adjoining room, we heard it; she was laying the dust, and in the same way as she dampens the clothes in ironing—by taking a great mouthful of water and then spitting it out: this is the Portuguese way, and the mouth makes a very good watering-pot."

It is not very clear whether by "this is the Portuguese way," Southey means to speak of laying the dust merely, or both of that and the damp-

ing of linen. From the way in which he alludes to the latter at the beginning of the extract, we should be almost led to infer that the sound was one with which he was familiar in England. Lecturers willing to take a little of the conceit out of us moderns are apt to twit us with the discoveries of the Chinese. Did the Portuguese learn the use of this providentially furnished squirt among the pig tails? Or did they teach this occidental secret of housewifery to the children of the East? By the way, sculptors find this the handiest method of keeping their clay moist—we mean no *double-entendre*.

—The Chicago *Skandinavien*, of Dec. 1, informs its readers that, according to private advices from Christiania, Björnsterne Björnson, the well-known tale-writer, intends coming to America in the course of next summer, when he will visit the large Scandinavian settlements in the West, and also the chief cities, much as he has been doing in Norway, reading his own stories and poems. His presence here will remind us how large and respectable a body of his countrymen we have among us. Other distinguished visitors from the Continent are promised. It was rumored recently that we might shortly expect the eminent Prof. Dr. von Holtendorff, of the University of Berlin; but we believe his journey is postponed, while Büchner's is talked of more seriously. M. Prévost-Paradol has also been announced as designing to deliver a course of lectures in this country, which his command of the language makes quite feasible. Whether he would succeed in "drawing" in any other but the lecture season, may be doubted, though principally because he is less famous in the United States than he ought to be. It would be a rare privilege to listen to lectures like those which he recently delivered to the members of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, on the "Social State of France;" and we believe they would greatly interest our best audiences.

—M. Prévost-Paradol alluded in his second lecture to the great and obvious distinction between the French family and the British one—the small number of children in the former, and the French mode of contracting marriages. However much the one characteristic seems a reproach and the other repugnant to our notion of the true relation of man and wife, both, the lecturer observed, were due to the same cause, "the excessive love for children." For an Englishman to understand this paradox, he continued, it must be borne in mind "that all French inheritance, of real or personal estate, is constantly divided in equal portions among the children, that they have no India or Australia to go to, and that emigration is generally considered as a kind of penalty or desperate remedy for great faults."

"A curious fact is that the apprehension about bringing up children keeps pace among us with the acquisition and increase of property. Our peasant, as a landowner, does not like to see his lot dwindling to nothing after him, and dreads a large family; and the same feeling pervades all classes. As to our marriage customs, they must be also attributed in a great measure to the constant wish of securing, as far as possible, the future state of the children against the results of equal partition. It is with such a view that money is so much taken into account for our marriages, which are most often settled like a business matter by the parents or legal advisers of the family."

We have, then—and a book might more easily be written upon the subject than a lecture—the singular phenomenon of real virtue in a people leading directly to immorality and physical degeneration, of which the French physicians have endless instances to relate; while a law framed in the interest of all children equally is the immediate cause of the deliberate suppression of offspring, and a stationary instead of an advancing population. For society as it now is in France, the Second Empire is evidently not wholly nor first to blame.

ILLUSTRATED HOLIDAY BOOKS.*

SOME of the works of Kaulbach are well known in this country, none of them better known, however, than the drawings of Charlotte, from "The Sorrows of Werther;" Orestes and his sister, from the "Iphigenia," and two or three scenes from "Faust." These and other designs are for sale and often sold in the form of large photographs from the drawings. These designs and some twenty more are contained in this large volume of the female characters of Goethe, where they are given in line and stipple engraving by Mandel and others. Mr. Lewes adds to the volume an introduction and a brief description and discussion of each picture, with quotations from the poem illustrated and translations. But, unless the reader knows the poem pretty well, he will find, in almost every case, Mr. Lewes's comments insufficient. For instance, as we have not by us in any

form and have never read the drama in which figures *Clärchen*, we fail to extract from the extracts here given any intelligent idea of the story; half as much space used in relating it would be worth more than the disconnected dialogue given. The book, it will be perceived, is a gift book on a rather large scale, and similar to the many books made up of engravings and remarks upon them which the exigencies of Christmas, birthday, and saint's-day gift-giving produce. Its chief value lies in the possibility that some may be led by it to the study of the works of Goethe. If one person is led to read *Hermann and Dorothea* or *Faust*, or even the little ballad, "Röslein auf der Haiden," from a desire to understand these pictures, or in any other way by the influence of this book, it will have served a good purpose.

For the pictures themselves little enthusiasm can be excited. As engravings they are not admirable—no collector so unsophisticated that he would think them worthy of room in his portfolio; indeed, they have little pretension that way, and beyond being laborious and elaborate, and carefully close to the original drawings, probably lay claim to no distinctive excellence. There are differences of merit among them, however, and the worst of them comes much nearer to being admirable than, for instance, such work as that used to set off the Tennyson designs of Gustave Doré, just now so popular. For the artistic character of the pictures, considered as compositions, this may be said: that there is something of that unity of the masses and simple harmony of line which is so hard to describe or even explain, which can only be pointed out, which never appears in an artist's work unless he has been gifted with the natural, unteachable faculty of composition. Kaulbach's power in this way, though not of a very rare or elevated kind, is probably his greatest gift, and the one gift that has enabled some German princes and professors to make of him that which they were determined to have—a great Protestant painter. Of course, the best he can do in the way of composition is not to be seen in the pictures of this series, containing, at most, half-a-dozen figures each. On the other hand, the fault of his composition—that which separates it from the design of the really great composers, namely, its obviousness and forced balance of part with part—can be seen here nearly as well as in the "Battle of the Huns" or the "Destruction of Jerusalem." The best composed picture in this book is probably the "Margaret kneeling before the Mater Dolorosa;" that composition, at least, is simple and natural, suggested by the subject and not doing violence to it, not inharmonious in line, and helped by a chord of light and shade much less harsh than is common in this set of designs.

In regard to light and shade, the pictures as they lie before us, the combined work of designer and engravers, are excessively disagreeable, owing in great part to an almost total disregard of local color, that is to say, of the colors of different things. Consider, for instance, one of the most varied in detail, "Adelheid;" in this the dresses and the various parts of dress of Adelheid, the bishop, the minstrel, the page, and the monk, are all represented as of the same color, from which the carved table, the books, the flagons, the curtain, the carpet, the lute, the cat, and the faces do not vary. The amount of light upon each surface is all that is allowed to give it more or less force of shade, three or four black things only excepted, as the bishop's skull-cap, and Adelheid's hat and fan. There is nothing that hurts engraving more than this vice; nothing that removes it so completely from the domain of natural and universal art into the world of technicalities and connoisseurship. Sky-blue is of a higher tone of light than dark indigo-blue. If it is your purpose to make a pen-and-ink drawing of a United States soldier in uniform, you should represent his coat many shades darker in its general effect than his trousers; the first and most important thing to get is that which the eye first perceives, that the soldier has a very dark and a much lighter garment. The contrary practice deprives black and white work of all force and intensity. The engraving before us is one pale simulacrum, without depth, without brilliancy, and yet it is not just to ascribe this fault wholly to Kaulbach without careful examination of the originals, or of photographs from them (if the originals are, as we have assumed, cartoons not in color), because the German engravers have rather taken up this fashion of disregarding local color. We had to complain of that not long ago in the case of a work otherwise very noble—the engraving of Holman Hunt's "Christ in the Temple." It is probable that examination would show that Kaulbach's own work with the chalk has been as regardless of color as that of his engravers, but these engravings in themselves do not prove it.

Consider this Adelheid picture somewhat further. It is from the play of Goetz von Berlichingen—Goetz with the Iron Hand. Mr. Lewes's account of it amounts to nothing, but Sir Walter Scott's translation of the play is

* "Female Characters of Goethe, illustrated by W. von Kaulbach. Text by G. H. Lewes." New York: Theodore Stroefer. 1869.

within everybody's reach. In the picture before us the story is fairly well told; the five personages are less like dolls and more alive than in many of the designs; but let every one who knows what expression is, and when it is well rendered, form his own opinion of the expressional qualities of this design. How obvious it all is; how staring; how the leer of Adelheid, the gloomy reverie of the page, and the loose vulgarity of the monk are forced into sight; how that sidelong triumph of Adelheid, which the bishop is supposed not to see, resembles a stage whisper, which the actors are supposed not to hear. The whole feebleness of the design finds its culmination in the cat. What is the cat leering about? Is she Adelheid's familiar spirit? Mr. Lewes calls her a "vuluptuous and cunning cat," whatever that may mean. The effect on the spectator is nearly that produced by the first appearance of the Cheshire cat, in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."

That is a bad instance; but take Gretchen going into church, Faust and Mephistopheles looking on; or Hermann and Dorothea descending the mountain; or any picture where strong emotion should be expressed, and observe how poor and expressionless are the faces. Even the children in the Lotte and the Ottolie have stolid faces and immovable bodies, modelled in wax, one would think; there have been painters who have modelled their groups in the solid before painting them; is Kaulbach one of those? and do his expressionless faces come of clay? The children are made to get bread and butter on their faces, and laugh and cry and scream, open their eyes wide, make mouths, and all the rest; and they are puppets when all is done. There are many artists who are not called great historical painters, who—not able to paint allegories and histories on a colossal scale—are content to make wood-cuts for *Punch* and *Charivari*. Try Leech and Gavarni, if you want to play with children, not Kaulbach. But can we get Furies, either, from Kaulbach? There are the Furies pursuing Orestes; they are ugly, and coiled around with snakes, and they all set their lips and frown, and are as absurd as they are ugly.

Action and gesture come as hard to our designer as expression of face. Dorothea is not stumbling and receiving support from Hermann; Faust is not expressing any admiration of Gretchen; the children are not trying to escape from the witches in the wood; Goethe's muse does not float in the air, nor is he at all disturbed at her very corporeal presence, neither is he skating with any success and speed at Frankfort. This last, however, is a well-recognized fault of the painter's, that he has never been able to draw motion. In the great Nibelungen frescoes at Munich the arms do not move, the swords do not pierce; in the great Destruction of Jerusalem nothing is going forward, even the trumpets do not get blown; it is as if a *tableau vivant* had suddenly died. Clorchen in this book comes near to being in movement, but she is almost the only figure that is not petrified. The movelessness of the figures was not, however, what we were speaking of, but the want of imaginative conception of a scene. A good instance of that is the Leonore. In that scene all is quiet; there was no violent action to try to draw and fail in drawing. All that was needed was to see the possible group, their expressions of face and positions of body. All! It is all, indeed; all greatness of art comes of just that *seeing* what does not exist to the bodily eye; a greatness to which no one of these designs has the least pretension.

Of the many painters who were forced into a painful prominence by the desire of King Ludwig and his surrounders to have at all hazards a great national school of painting, Kaulbach is not the worst, but none were more unsuited than he for a grand rôle as historical, religious, and metaphysical painter. Stately design, grandiose composition, the rendering of the most impressive poetical, religious, symbolical, and historical subjects, these he has been forced to strive for, and at these he works in a hopeless, patient sort of way, with mock-heroic result. He is better and nearly at his best in the confessed mock-heroic of Reineke Fuchs, spirited and real, but disagreeable on account of the ascription to animals of only the bad passions of man, and yet more offensive on account of wanton foulness in many of the designs. Unfortunately he is as able and as natural in other designs, suppressed but handed about pretty freely in Germany and elsewhere, and of unparalleled obscenity. These excesses may be accounted for charitably by setting them down to the working of an unrestrained fancy. While true imagination does not appear in any work, a fanciful thought sometimes does, as the mole in the Reineke Fuchs who appears emerging from his hole, spade in fist, to do honor to the conquering fox, or the cat in the "Lotte" who turns to see the toy-horse beside her.

Illustrations as bad as Kaulbach's are to be found in the new "Lady

Geraldine,"* but fortunately they "obscure" a lesser poem than the least of those we have named above. After all, and in spite of the reminiscences of our sweet youth, and in spite of a good, strong line or two, what rubbish this "Lady Geraldine" is! What a difference between the excellent intention and the feeble result! For though *Blackwood* found it very ridiculous to approve and commend marriages between people of widely different social positions, it was yet with excellent intention that the poem was written. Its one thought is that the modern world forgets spiritual and moral greatness in the pursuit of mere physical triumphs.

— "the age calls simples,
With a broad clown's back turned broadly to the glory of the stars."

Let the world beware of the worship of science, mastery of physical nature, and external prosperity. If we should gain all the power over nature of which we can dream, yet

"Twere but power within our tether, no new spirit power conferring,
And in life we were not better men nor bolder men in death."

Those two lines well represent the poem. The evident intensity of the writer's feelings as she set down the words, compared with the prosaic result, is the same in the whole read together as in a part. It was all written to say just that, and if anything else has been said, it is by accident. But let us not forget that some of the accidents are happy ones. "Tennyson's enchanted reverie" is a happy thought, and it becomes us to forget that it read in the early editions "Tennyson's God-vocal reverie." And that is n't bad about teaching "the hillside echo some sweet Tuscan in a song." Good bits, and a general result of nothing; that, alas! is the record of all the poets but a few great ones and a few less, as poets, but strong and simple as men.

But to return to the illustrations of this volume: they are the combined work of Mr. W. J. Hennessy and Mr. W. J. Linton as designer and wood-engraver. It is hard to be compelled to criticise this kind of work. It does not pretend to have any artistic merit, or to help the poem in any way, or to give pleasure to anybody. The pictures are not even what the poem is, a few good thoughts unpoetically expressed; they are only parts of a Christmas gift-book, and as such their existence should be mentioned, and no more. But unfortunately so much praise is forced upon even unpretending pictures like these—we have seen warm commendation even of the unorganized blot at foot of page 16, "The deer half in the glimmer"—that they must be characterized. We are very sure that Mr. Hennessy knows how slight this work is, and how little any judicious person will judge of him by it.

A very much better book, in every way, is the "New England Ballads."† Mr. Fenn's little landscape-portraits, to coin an appellative, are as effective as (*testa* Mr. Whittier in the preliminary note) they are accurate. It is a pity, by the way, that Mr. Whittier has shaken popular faith in his judgment on such matters by good-natured commendation in "letters to the publisher" of various chromos and portraits. This time, however, we believe him as devoutly as if he were Ruskin himself. And we wish that artists who have books to illustrate would try this same portraying process, and see if it is not generally more efficacious than trying to make the fancy work when it is not in a working humor. The little picture at the head of the volume, page 3, "Right over the hill runs the path I took," is as good as any of these little landscapes, and very good. To be admired and enjoyed are also "Sailed away from a sinking wreck" on page 22, and "Sweetly along the Salem road" on page 26, "The hamlet's buried idler's sleep" on page 51, and "At set of harvest day" on page 85. But indeed, except for some rather meaningless heavy shading of rocks, as if the engraver was put to it to make them look heavy and hard, the combined work of Mr. Fenn and Mr. Anthony in these little landscapes is capable of giving really enduring pleasure. We are glad, too, to find Mr. Hennessy here, perhaps at his best, and certainly not at his worse than worst, as in the unfortunate book spoken of above. The group of mother and child on page 89 is sincere, purposeful, downright drawing, and the picture on page 46, though it seems as if we had seen that young woman before, we can bear to see again. They are both well engraved; and indeed that one on page 89 is a very excellent piece of wood-cutting of the kind. Mr. Homer's two pictures, on pages 18 and 19, are simple and natural, and show his power, almost unequalled among our painters, as a draughtsman of expression. In Mr. Frederick's design, on page 23, there is to be seen what is rare in art, a busily and naturally engaged crowd. We have the pleasure of finding in this book, taken together, something

* "Lady Geraldine's Courtship. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Illustrated by W. J. Hennessy. Engraved by W. J. Linton." New York: Scribner & Co. 1870.

† "Ballads of New England. By John Greenleaf Whittier. With illustrations." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870.

better than a gift-book, pleasant and well-known ballad-poetry with pictures that help the reader and gratify the lover of nature.

"Songs of Life" is a reprint, on a smaller page, of a part of the well-known "Folk-Songs" published some years ago. The selection of poems is a good one, there are illustrations of varying merit, and the fac-similes of handwriting, of which there are five in this volume and more to come in the subsequent ones, are interesting. The four volumes which Scribner & Co. propose to make out of the rather unwieldy "Folk-Songs" will form a very handy collection of short poems, the more so as there are many pieces in it which are not often found in such collections.

Several books of colored illustrations are before us, the first of which is rather a portfolio of prints than a book. "The Illuminated Christian Year" is a series of nine texts, with symbolical borders and ornaments, for Advent, Christmas, Epiphany, Ascension, Good Friday, Lent, Easter, Trinity Sunday, and Whit Sunday. We notice a curious slip in the symbol of the Trinity, the well-known triangle, "Pater non est Filius," etc., the affirmative being wanting; but except for this the usual emblems are properly employed. The designs present nothing remarkable.

"The Parables of Our Lord" is a much more elaborate and carefully made series of colored prints, presenting, on opposite pages, pictures illustrating the parables, and texts taken from the parables surrounded by ornamental borders. These borders are announced as from the famous Grimani Breviary, kept in the Library of Saint Mark at Venice. But the charm of that splendid volume is in its unequalled miniatures; the borders, however varied and rich and however splendid in color, belong to a degenerate art—to an era that had forgotten the true art of illumination for picture-painting, and could not even make good borders for its pictures. These borders, translated into color-printing not of the finest, and associated with poorly designed ornamental texts, would hardly be recognized by the Cardinal Grimani or his librarian. The pictures seem to be faithful studies of costume. Every one is mounted in a sort of *passe-partout* of stout board, and the whole book is very carefully made up.

A better book than these, and showing us what the boasted art of chromo-lithography really is good for, is Mr. Walton's "Alpine Flowers." The larger work, containing this artist's excellent drawings of the "Peaks and Passes" of the Alps, will be remembered, as well as the merit of the drawings as given. It is rare to see work so sincere and so successful in the form of published pictures. This book is in some respects better, because more limited in range. The representation of the flowers comes nearer absolute truth than the pictures of glaciers and distant peaks. But the mountain flowers are as characteristic of Switzerland and Savoy, and as clear to the memories of travellers, as the great mountains themselves. Any one who sees the Alps as he ought to, on foot, and when he ought to, in spring and early summer, wades ankle deep in blossoming herbage to which the field flowers of the lowlands are poor. The variety seems infinite; the strangeness is like that of another planet. Even the flowers we knew in the valley seem different and more beautiful, and the Alpenrose (Rhododendron) and Edelweiss and Mountain Gentian are glorified beings unknown out of this Paradise. We press them and bring them home, and some lose their colors at once, and some keep them longer, but none are very lovely except to memory and by association. Mr. Walton's drawings are the sort of thing we should all be glad to bring home with us if we could.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

IT is not such a number of years since the first "Juveniles" were sent from the English press; and then they were little more than the talk of the nursery put into print. Next came the adaptations of old tales that in other generations, and perhaps in other countries, and in somewhat different forms, had done duty in pleasing children of a larger growth; and at the same time with these adaptations and corruptions came some new inventions, seemingly of the same character, though in fact without the kernel of deeper significance which is contained in much of the genuine fable-lore, however degraded it may in process of time have become. Thus, probably, Goldsmith may have been making up "Goody Two Shoes" out of the whole cloth, not so very far from the time when somebody else was making over the really historical tragedy of the French country gentleman

and his many wives into the "Bluebeard" of the nursery story; and while a certain venerable tale, ancient in many languages, was going into the English of "Whittington and his Cat." But wherever the "Juveniles" came from, they were not at the beginning very numerous; and there was hardly such a thing as a regular "juvenile business." That there is such a business now every book-store bears witness every winter, and that it is a business which is getting too big there will not be many people to deny. Every religious sect wants a regular supply of denominational story books; there must be stories on the collects and on the catechism, and on the church feasts and fasts for the Episcopalians. Many a Sunday-school library has had a book about the Quakers, and their deficiency in the matter of belief in an atonement. Anti-Popish books and anti-Protestant books for the young are legion. We know of dozens, we dare say, of "Juveniles" which attack various forms of paganism; and one or two books we have which are pro-Chinamen, while the books which teach small boys and girls the wretched state of the infidels, both here and hereafter, are almost without number. So, too, every "cause" has or has had its youthful literature, and there is no end of the sixteenmos in behalf of temperance, aggressive against slavery, opposed to the use of tobacco in all its forms, in favor of newsboys' homes, condemnatory of the treatment of the sailors of our commercial marine, and, in general, relating to this kind of sociological subjects. Then, again, there are hardly two of the ten commandments which have not been inculcated by scores of ethical works, supposed to be well adapted to the comprehension of boys and girls. Besides all these, there are also the hundreds on hundreds of books of travel and adventure, and country, and city, and boarding-school life; and the thousands of books of life in fairyland—and in the fairy-land of a dozen countries; for the translator, also, has been set at work to cater to the needs of the children, and we now purvey to our young food as far brought as from Russia, and Kafir Land, and India, and are still ransacking remote lands for new fables and tales. Old stories, too, we are breaking up for children's use; we have Sir John Mandeville, for instance, and Froissart, and Bunyan, done over into something which—whether or not it is Bunyan, or Froissart, or Mandeville—the youngest reader may read and partly understand; and there are at least two writers of "Juveniles" who have given us a "Life of Christ" for small readers, and one who has given us an expurgated Bible, heavily illustrated. And what child, from four years old, is without his one or two monthly magazines?

Is this demand for children's reading more or less factitious—created by men who supply it—the work of the publishers? There are people who say so, and we do not deny that we have at times inclined to take that view of the case. But the publishers are not the first sinners—if any sinners there be. The various sects and societies are responsible for a vast number of the books which are stuffed into the children's heads every year. Parents buy them, to be sure; but not as parents supplying a natural demand of their young folks, but as parents who are superintendents of Sunday-schools or secretaries of Lodges of Good Templars, and who have something to preach to their children. The publishers, however, are not backward in pushing on the ball, and what with them and the rest of us we certainly have got to a point in the production of literature for the young at which forbearance becomes a virtue. A good many other things might be said on this head; but to say but one will save our space, and will, perhaps, sufficiently call attention to the fact that the "juvenile publishing business" is too merely a business, and will very likely raise the presumption that it is a business which might be considerably diminished with advantage to young America, and to American literature as well. Everybody has noticed, we suppose, that now for some years hardly any one has made a success in writing well for his contemporaries—in saying in the best way he could the things that he knew—in really making a contribution to literature—who has not been at once seized on, and set to making books for children—books more or less bad, or books more or less good, but in any case evidently made for money, and from the start likely to be bad rather than good.

Take now this "Trotty Book,"* of Miss E. S. Phelps's. As we have borne witness, on more than one occasion, Miss Phelps is a writer of merit. Sickly, overstrained, self-conscious—and morbid New Englandish, with almost the worst sort of New Englandism—as much of her work is, and inadequate as is her theory of life as well as her knowledge of life, she nevertheless has valuable gifts, and has given promises of good things to come if her strength holds out. She certainly has a hopeful gift of humor, and a heart that is in the right place whenever she can keep her eyes off it for

* "Songs of Life. Selected from many Sources," etc. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1870.

† "The Illuminated Christian Year." Jean Lee, designer. Philadelphia: Duffield Ashmead.

‡ "The Parables of Our Lord Illustrated and Illuminated." London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1870.

§ "Flowers from the Upper Alps, with Glimpses of their Homes. By Elijah Walton, F.G.S. The Descriptive Text by T. G. Bonney, M.A., F.G.S." London: Thompson. Imported by Scribner, Welford & Co.

* "The Trotty Book. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870.

a few minutes. But who but a publisher would have put her to writing "juveniles," because she had sold many thousand copies of "The Gates Ajar"? Then in this "Trotty Book" there is humor—very forced, too, a deal of it—and there is plenty of truth of details; and of course there is kindheartedness; and there is also, or the story would not be Miss Phelps's, a dead set at our heart-strings, with intent to wring them. The first chapter contains a picture of a little child, lost in the woods in a snow-storm—a boy of two or three years old who cries miserably for help. So boys of equal age have cried before in other books; but in this one we, of course, have with our boy a little girl, his sister, who might well enough have brought her brother out of the snow, but who selfishly runs away and leaves him—for she has an evening's amusement before her—and who, after making him suffer all but death, herself suffers a good deal of that luxury of woe of which so many of her creator's bigger personages have already suffered greater quantities. Is this sort of thing worth doing, we wonder? We have not thought so when our author was doing it, in the unpleasant beginning of her "Gates Ajar," and the unpleasanter "Pemberton Mills" story, and the still unpleasanter "Calico," which was made for people of mature years; and we do not see how it is much better when done for younger readers. We mention it, however, rather for the reason that Miss Phelps seems to be all wrong in this matter always, than that the example of her fault, which happens to be now before us for comment, is a particularly glaring or pernicious one. Luckily, children cannot reject much; and if they will read almost anything, as "juvenile" writers well know, so, too—let us be thankful—they will forget almost any bad or poor thing. At all events, one really good book—one book fit for them, which addresses what in them is best worth addressing, and does it skilfully—is always able to banish from their minds the greater part of the worthless stuff that incapable writers have put into them. "Robinson Crusoe," or "Two Years Before the Mast," or "The Arabian Nights," or "Cook's Voyages," or "Sandford and Merton"—any one of them is more than a match for whole libraries of "Memoirs" of the early dead, and whole shelves full of warning against drunkenness, profligacy, and theft. Miss Phelps's book the adult reader will find not unamusing. He may, perhaps, have his doubts whether some of the sayings and doings of the hero are reproduced without any embellishment at all; but still he will often be reminded of the doings of little boys and girls. Whether the childish reader will be amused by it we do not know. Some children are quite capable of liking it. We confess we have known a few children—some of whom are still living—who listened with eagerness to tales which only just before we had heard intelligent critics condemning with severity; but we may assert, too, that we never knew the tales so condemned to become established favorites; and we are well persuaded that there is something bad—nothing good enough, at all events—about every book for children which the children do not repeatedly turn to, and con, and almost learn by heart. Who ever told a boy or girl a story really good for him or her that he did not have to tell over and over again? And, on the other hand, who ever told a child any story that was not sure of attention on the first if not on the second telling? It is a fallacious test, often as it is tried and triumphantly cited, to apply to "juveniles" that "the children liked it." Good "juveniles" are liked to-day, and tomorrow, and for ever, and the child becomes a father or mother, and perennially tells them over to new children, while year by year generations of annual literature flourish, and fade, and disappear.

And now draws near a certain Pharisee by the name of Walter Murray, with his phylacteries made broad and his hands folded on his bosom. Walter Murray is the chief personage of a story called "The Aphorp Farm," one of "The Woodbine Series,"* which, if we remember, we have already more than once had occasion to condemn without reserve. It is unnatural, full of mistaken notions as to what it is possible or desirable for boys to do, and fit only to spoil the boy who is so unfortunate as not to be repelled by it. It opens with a scene in which the personages are three—the hero, his mother, and the subsidiary hero. The hero, who is in high health, allows himself to say, at the sight of a certain pony—"O mamma! how I do wish I were rich." Thereupon, his mamma immediately shows him that the rider of the pony, a boy of Walter's age, is very pale and thin and peevish-looking, and that, although he wears gloves, his hand is semi-transparent, or nearly so. In this kind of books, by the way, one never has wealth and health together, so parents may take notice that the "Woodbine" and similar series are not intended for the large class of cases in which the young Lazarus of real life cannot blink the fact that

young Dives not only has better skates and a faster sled than himself, but also has the use of both legs and enjoys as good digestion as the hungriest and healthiest boy in the parish. To impress upon Walter's mind that he is far better off than the rich Frank Aphorp, whom he envies and whose pony he very naturally covets, Walter's mother takes him up to Squire Aphorp's, whose wife is an old schoolmate of hers and is still a friend, though Mrs. Murray is no longer wealthy, and there he makes Frank's acquaintance. Frank is, of course, a miserably spoiled child, whom nobody can please; who is selfish and cross, and has a way of telling his indulgent father and mother that of course nobody cares for him because he is a poor cripple. The two boys are left alone, and Frank expresses himself with so much bitterness on the question of sticking in the house all day and every day, that Walter overcomes the diffidence and delicacy for which boys in "Woodbine Series" are justly notorious, and reveals to his friend a character made up of nearly every Christian grace—every single one, except, perhaps, long-suffering. He admits that his temper is hasty, though his disposition is magnanimous and generous, but confides to Frank that he is struggling with this fault; that he never answers back if he can help it; that if he cannot help it he seeks his closet, and then begs pardon of the person offended. He suggests that the sick boy might try devoting himself to the service of others as a means of overcoming the tediousness of his life. Moreover, he declines to go to the tea-table—little used to dainties as he is—because the crippled boy cannot very well go, and when tea is sent up to the two of them he says grace. This surprises Frank, who is asked in astonishment if his father does not do so at every meal. Thus it is that in a "Woodbine Series" they inculcate the observance of the Fifth Commandment. Another sample of how the duty of honoring fathers and mothers is impressed on the young reader of such books is the chapter which recounts Mrs. Aphorp's heartless neglect of her son—"leaving him to hirelings," as her husband says, "till he is down with hip complaint." After—or before—Walter has said grace and the boys have eaten, some cut flowers are brought in, and Frank and Walter set about making bouquets, with the understanding that Mrs. Aphorp shall decide which is the prettier. They are made, and the lady hesitates to pronounce; but Walter, taking the flowers, changes them rapidly from one hand to the other, remarking that he perfectly understands Mrs. Aphorp's hesitation, and, after shifting them about sufficiently, he calls for judgment. It is given, and at once Walter begins jumping up and down. A frown darkens Mr. Aphorp's brow. "So young and so untender!" he feels like quoting; "so pleased with a victory over an invalid!" The reader versed in the "Woodbine Series" class of tales knows well, however, that their heroes are not caught napping in that manner. Of course the generous boy was jumping up and down because Frank's refined taste had led him to put the dark myrtle in juxtaposition with the delicate orange blossoms, and thus produce an effect which made his bouquet the superior of the other.

Needless to say, Squire Aphorp by-and-by wishes to adopt Walter, and that he is successful in getting Mr. and Mrs. Murray's consent. Needless to say, either, that after some slight misunderstanding between Walter and Mr. and Mrs. Aphorp—consequent on the machinations of Eugene, a designing though polished lad, who wishes to become his uncle's heir, but who is disgraced at last—the adopted son becomes the means of converting the squire, and is the more than friend and brother of Frank, whose character, under Walter's forming hand, daily grows more beautiful. Needless, too, to say that Walter's real father is aided by his second father to go into business again, and recovers all the wealth out of which, just before our tale opens, his rascally partner had defrauded him. All this happens, and more; for, at the end of the book, do not both the boys, now come of age, fall desperately in love with the same young lady? and does not Walter, perceiving Frank's passion, give her up freely, though with a bitter pang? and does not Frank by-and-by pass away, with his love-tale hidden in his heart? and does not Walter—the artist by nature, the noble Christian merchant, the canting little prig, the impossible boy, the man that never existed, the youth whom all healthy boys would infallibly hate if they could see him, and whom no one who had ever been anything like a boy would once think of holding up to boys as a model for imitation or a creature to be believed in—is it not written in this combination of Sunday-school book and sensational novel that Walter wooed and won Miss Julia Ward, who long had secretly loved him? It is so written; and not in this one volume alone, but in a hundred similar volumes which each Christmas calls into being; and worse reading for the young than these same volumes it would not be easy to find. It is almost incredible that the writers who make such books do not understand that, so far as they get any attention

* "The Woodbine Series," "Walter and Frank; or, The Aphorp Farm." By Mrs. Madeline Leslie. Boston: Andrew F. Graves. 1870.

from boys and girls, they do great harm. They poison the sources of healthy life in the child's moral nature; they pervert his natural instincts; they set him upon acting a part, or else, which is nearly as bad, they discourage him into thinking that, because he is not as white and glistening as the young lepers who are held up to him as examples of more than human cleanliness, it is therefore useless for him to try to be good. Hypocrites such books infallibly make, if they make anything, or else unhappy, struggling little creatures, taught superfluous misery; and it would be a good day if, *in reverentia pro pueris*, we could have a censor and a bonfire for the "juvenile market."

Perhaps M. Paul Du Chaillu is not the one man of all men for a companion of youth, but he is Hyperion to a Satyr in comparison with the author last mentioned. He is a little sanguinary in his dealings with the brutes which he comes upon in his travels, and kills and skins with a single-eyed ardor for the advancement of science which leads him to recount fearlessly a deal of butchery. But we incline to think that his descriptions of his hunting adventures—his account of the shooting of the beautiful gazelle for its hide, and of his capturing the young gorilla which he had orphaned for the sake of the museum—will tend to excite as much pity and sympathy in the young reader as bloodthirstiness. And the courage and hardihood, energy and love of adventure, commended to admiration in "Lost in the Jungle" *—to say nothing of the information which it very pleasantly conveys—make it a book we should be willing to give to all boys old enough to read its easy English. According to M. Du Chaillu, the boys and girls themselves are of our mind, and they have tried him long enough to feel sure of their opinions. "When he asked the boys and girls of New York if he should write more books for them, the tremendous cheers and hurrahs they gave him in reply told him," he says, "that he had better go to work." His esteemed publishers endorsed that opinion. "Certainly," they said; "by all means, friend Paul. Write a new book, for 'Stories of the Gorilla Country' and 'Wild Life under the Equator' are in great demand." So to work Friend Paul went, and in this well-illustrated volume we have wild beasts, wild men, strange insects, monstrous reptiles, and whatever else M. Du Chaillu deals in—not forgetting the gorilla who beats his breast as much as ever, gnashes his teeth, advances as bravely as of old to attack the hunter, and displays all the gigantic strength and semi-human sagacity with which M. du Chaillu's gorillas have made us familiar. At one time we thought we were to be treated to a white gorilla, an aged, hoary one, but our author contented himself with giving us the ordinary dark kind, though of these he has some which are fearfully wrinkled and a little gray, though none (that he kills) are of diminished vigor or ferocity so far as we have observed.

Miss Nellie Eyster is the author of "Chincapin Charlie," a merry, unpretending little book for young people which we remember to have read and liked some two years ago, and her "Tom Harding and His Friends" † has the same good qualities which made its predecessor a commendable book. There is no pretense or nonsense in it; there is a very good understanding—for a woman's book—of the nature and habits of boys; and if there is perhaps a little more "vital religion" than it is very well to give boys in the books which after all do their best when they abstain from point-blank inculcation of truths, still, hers is neither a pharisaical nor a mawkish religiosity, but is unaffected and honest, and will at least not repel the young men to whom it is offered. And Miss Eyster, with her frankness, and heartiness, and liking for boyish fun and activity, digs about the roots of all those good plants in the human nature for her readers, and will do them ten times or a thousand times the benefit that she could do by preaching. She makes boys acquainted with real boys, who are not perfect indeed, but who are actually existent, and in many ways admirable, and thus she gets a hold of her hearers which, dealing in abstractions—though they were abstractions approved of by every convocation of every church—she would not get in a hundred years. She is not the cleverest woman who writes for children in this country; here, as elsewhere, the "juvenile market" often affords us the spectacle of blocks being cut with razors; but there are few writers in this field who ever clearly see what to write and what not to write to their peculiar audience. She does not waste high imaginative poetry on them; nor give them fine-spun fancies, and allegories as head-strong, and as hard to get into, as any alligator on the banks of the Nile; nor vulgarize them with razed novels; nor fill their heads, as with sawdust, with a conglomeration of so-called facts in this and that science. But she gives them personages of boyish age

and tastes and pursuits, and getting them interested in these she proceeds with entertainment and instruction, and will leave any of her readers the better for her help—if, that is to say, it is the business of boy literature primarily to make the boys manlier in spirit; and, secondly, to give them pleasure and the profit—more tangible than the spiritually elevating—which is got from the exercise of the mind, the access of new knowledge, and the more or less indirect instilling of precepts of sound morality. Tom Harding, we may say to intending purchasers, is a Pennsylvania boy who pays a winter visit to New Orleans, and afterwards to a cotton region of Georgia, and the book is useful geographically and, so to speak, politically. It will be well liked by boys from ten to fourteen years of age, not to speak of older people.

What to say about the temperance books—or rather the total abstinence books, for there are no temperance books—which come in such numbers at the time of the holidays, it is a little difficult to decide. No one can deny that the evils of intemperance can hardly be exaggerated; and it is not pleasant to withhold praise from persons who are eagerly working to abolish drunkenness. Yet we very seldom find a book exhorting to total abstinence which is not repulsively or, at the least, foolishly and laughably bad. A flood of "wet damnation" is overflowing the land, sure enough, one says to one's self; but why should it wash away all logic, and even endanger every shape of truth? And supposing it admitted that we are to do all that we can by word and deed to banish intoxicating drinks from society, need we therefore fling ourselves headlong against chewing tobacco and tobacco-chewers, and then on cigars and pipes, thirdly on coffee and tea, and finally on cayenne pepper, and catsup and piccalilli, as constituting a first step in "that downward road from the caster to the gutter" which numbers of our reformers are denouncing? And even granting that this is to be done—that from pepper-sauce to plantation bitters every stimulant is to be abhorred—still, do we do well to put our views in their fulness into books that the smallest boys are to read and criticise—for all readers are critics? Here, now, at the present moment of writing is a well-meaning story, by Miss Chellis, called "Aunt Dinah's Pledge," * and, besides its good intentions, portions of it are not so ill written either, for though the story is trivial and absurd in all essentials and in most of the details, there is a figure of an old black nurse which is so drawn as to give a hint that the author had laid bodily eyes on the original, and in depicting it had not quite got out of sight of nature and truth. Miss Chellis undertakes to set forth, which everybody believes, that the excessive drinking of intoxicating liquors is a frightfully bad habit, ruinous to body and mind. Further, she seeks to show, what not so many will believe, that there is no safety, or no certainty of safety, for the man who drinks at all, unless he decides on totally abstaining from everything intoxicating. Still further, she teaches, what many people will disbelieve, that in the signing of a written pledge there is a peculiar protective virtue, and that everybody would do well for his neighbors' sake, if not for his own, to sign some such paper at once. But her way of enforcing her conclusions on other people is as wise as this: She includes in her invective the loathsome pipe and the offensive cigar, and to refrain from smoking is as vigorously ordered by her pledge as to abstain from unrectified whiskey. Tobacco leads to dram-drinking, and the smoker is in her eyes a sinner. The youthful reader who is to be saturated with abhorrence of inebriety, and to learn the danger of tampering with spirituous liquors, is to look at his Cousin Tom, say, who smokes, and his grandfather, who takes snuff, and his friend the old salt who makes him boats, and who likewise chews plug-tobacco, and to pronounce them violators of God's law, enemies of the rising generation, bad men, and filthy fellows. He knows better; and even he has his doubts if Miss Chellis may not be wrong about the rum and water. Perhaps our author does no immediate evil—beyond leading our young friend into making two or three impudent speeches to his elders, and getting him a pair of boxed ears as a consequence. But, by-and-by, such is the venturesomeness of youth, and such the certainty that the boy is yet far from being born who shall be without spot—by-and-by the youthful reader just mentioned, having grown up a bit, betakes himself to the use of tobacco in some one of its forms. He finds that it is a pleasure and a comfort, and soon he begins to suspect that, man's life being no longer than threescore-and-ten years, he may very probably die of some ordinary disease before he drops dead from the effects of nicotine. He discovers, too, that his sister Mira is so far different from Miss Chellis's "Mira" that she does not retire shedding tears of sorrow and disgust when he returns to their once happy home with the smell of cigars upon him, but that, on

* "Lost in the Jungle. By P. Du Chaillu." New York: Harper & Bros. 1870.

† "Tom Harding and his Friends. By Nellie Eyster." Philadelphia: Duffield Ashmead & Co. 1870.

* "Aunt Dinah's Pledge. By Miss Mary D. Chellis." New York: National Temperance Society. 1870.

the contrary, she is not above filling a pipe for him herself; that, indeed, she goes further, and assures his intimate friend, when he calls, that she is very fond of the smell of tobacco. What, then, does the young man say of Miss Chellis and others like her? Doubtless that as they were so far out in the matter of smoking, and cried "Wolf" so hard when but a small mole was in sight, there may be some mistake in regard to the liquor question, at least as regards cider and ale; that it may be as well to make trial of the inebriating cup. Then comes the drunkard's bowl—though we may remark to Miss Chellis that the drunkard's bowl, and the worm of the still, and the poisoned chalice, and other things which they attack so persistently, are not the vessels which the more practical temper offers the giddy youth who trusts himself in his power at commercial lunches and billiard saloons, and other such unmetaphoric places. Then, we repeat—after the discovery of the mistake about the smoking—comes the drunkard's bowl, or a bottle and tumblers, and, in brief, the upshot of the matter is, that the well-meaning but not too sagacious enemy of stimulating drinks has done something to diminish the Cold Water Army and to swell the bloated hosts of King Alcohol.

So much for the direct evil which is done by over-eager and exaggerated preaching, even if we admit that the subject chosen by the total abstinence writers is a very good or a fit subject on which to address childish readers. But we think no such admission should be made. It is a depressing, brutalizing theme, and no treatment of it can make its presentation very well worthy the attention of children at their most impressionable age, and when they should be as much as may be surrounded by what is elevating and purifying—when they should be lifted up by all influences that can be employed, and when it is of less consequence to preach at particular faults than to ennoble the tone of the whole character. Then, again, this matter does not concern children, but their fathers and mothers; and to offer it to their notice is merely to arouse their curiosity, and to run into danger of doing them harm without securing any corresponding chance of doing them good. All temperance literature for the young might well be abolished, we think; and in almost every special case it might justly be condemned for particular faults and follies as well as for its general tone. This is the verdict that we for our own part should pass on "John and the Demijohn"*,—a rather clever book—and "Dr. Willoughby's Wine"†—two volumes, of the same character as "Aunt Dinah's Pledge," which we read at the same time.

A very cheering sign that we are getting on in the art of teaching, and that our posterity will learn more and more exactly and more easily than we were permitted to, is Mr. Freeman's solid, conscientious, and entertaining history of England to the Conquest.‡ It is a book which the parent of a growing child—say of twelve and upwards—can hardly excuse himself for not purchasing if able; and it is as fit for a Christmas gift as a book of tales. The style, in fact, would alone recommend it—English history told in simple and colloquial English, that, without being in the least constrained, is almost monosyllabic. Witness these sentences:

"They tried to land both at Watchet and at Porlock, but they were driven off at both places, and most of them were killed, except those who could swim to their ships. These few went and 'sat' on one of the Holms, the islands at the mouth of the Severn, either the Steep Holm or the Flat; but they could get nothing to eat, so many of them died, and the rest sailed away, first to Dyfed, or Pembrokeshire, and thence to Ireland."

The steady, chronological march of the narrative is relieved here and there by episodes which the author will not admit as trustworthy history, nor yet omit wholly, because a grain of truth may be in them. These, with warning duly prefixed, he casts in a form akin to the Bible-English. He gives also occasionally a ballad, and in other ways keeps up the young reader's interest to the end. The notes are for grown people—parents or teachers—and so is the preface, which we should greatly like to quote entire. Here is the opening only:

"This little volume is an experiment, but it is an experiment which I may say has already succeeded. Its object is to show that clear, accurate, and scientific views of history, or indeed of any subject, may be easily given to children from the very first. In truth, the more rigidly accurate and scientific statement is, the more easy it is for a child to take it in. The difficulty does not lie with the child, who has simply to learn, but with the teacher, who often has to unlearn."

Further on, he states that this work was begun, for his own children, before his "History of the Norman Conquest" was undertaken, and that

his investigations for the larger work have served to perfect the smaller, while each remains independent of the other in form and purpose. Then follow some remarks on Old-English words and names, their spelling and pronunciation, and a chronological table for the period studied. In the body of the work are five historical maps of Great Britain, such as children are never, and grown folks seldom, provided with; and finally there is an index, which completes the numerous excellences of this really masterly text book.

Mr. Neal's little book* consists of three parts: an essay, if it can be so called, on "Children—What are they good for?" written forty years ago, at least; a child's story, "Goody Gracious! and the Forget-me-not," written "for the purpose of showing—and proving—that fairy stories need not be crowded with extravagant impossibilities, to engage the attention of our little folks;" and 293 short anecdotes of children and their sayings, old and new, gathered from all sources, and accompanied by comments—this part called "Pickings and Stealings." But for the middle of this sandwich, we should not have guessed it to be made up for children, or classed it under juvenile literature. Children certainly should be kept clear of it, even if they have to be deprived of a story which writes "This was all a dream," after the usual narrative of "extravagant impossibilities." Their elders may read the selections with some enjoyment, unless liable to be shocked by the large number which bear on theology and religion, and of which there is none better than the story of the boy who said, "O dear! I'd rather go to two circuses than one meeting." To give some idea of the way Mr. Neal has cooked over the more or less fully narrated incidents he has come upon, we present two (accidental) versions of the same story. First we have the comment at full length:

"No. 75. A gentlewoman—I hate ladies—belonging to Gardiner, Maine, paid a visit to the graveyard with her little daughter. Seeing the effigy of a horse on one of the upright slabs, she stooped down to read the inscription, but nothing did she find to explain the mystery; whereupon the child whispered that 'maybe the poor man died of nightmare.' A very plausible conjecture, was it not, for a region where so many live and die of the same ailment, now under the name of apoplexy, and now under that of the heart disease, or plethora?"

And then we have the comment in a sub-title, a change of sex in the deceased, and one or two other variations:

"No. 186. *Infernal*.—A mother, who had with her a little daughter, was examining the figure of a horse on a tombstone, and wondering what on earth it was an emblem of. There was nothing to explain it in the inscription. 'Mamma,' said the little one, as they moved away, 'I should n't wonder if she died of the nightmare.'"

To expand Mother Goose's hints and fragments of stories into complete ones, with beginning and end, plot, incidents, and all—such was the idea born of the "Fairy Egg."† Its success here is rather equivocal. We do not know the child that would prefer these elaborated products to the raw material. Have our three friends found that the infant whom Mother Goose pleases is generally curious to know more than the verses tell of Bo-peep, or Richard and Robin, or the old woman who sweeps the cobwebs from the sky? or why the cow jumped over the moon? And does the infant's imagination go for nothing? Such has not been our experience in the nursery, nor Miss Gibbons's either, we dare say, since her "Little Bachelor" alone, of all the stories amplified, always keeps the original text in sight. To her also was entrusted the pictorial illustrations, which exhibit a good deal of originality and skill in designing, especially where young folks are to be represented. Some of her letter-pieces are exceedingly clever.

An instructive book may be written for children by one who consults for the history of Paris "Henri Martin's 'Histoire de France,' Thierry's 'Récit des Temps Mérovingiens,' Gilbert's 'Description historique de la Basilique métropolitaine de Paris,' Smiles's 'History of the Huguenots,' White's 'Massacre of St. Bartholomew,' Mme. Campan's 'Memoirs of Marie Antoinette,' and the best modern guide-books," but a thousand to one it will be anything but entertaining. The author of "An American Family in Paris,"‡ has indeed made several visits to that city, but we believe there are many persons who have never left the United States who could describe the French capital more vividly and attractively from books alone. There is, too, something essentially unreal in these family excursions, with the learned papa, or tutor, or governess, eager to be pumped and never nonplussed, and precocious youngsters who cry "jolly!" whenever they extract a new date or fact, and always suck a subject dry before leaving

* "John and the Demijohn." By Mrs. Julia McNair Wright. Boston: H. Hoyt. 1870.

† "Rev. Dr. Willoughby's Wine." By Mary S. Walker. New York: National Temperance Society. 1870.

‡ "Old English History for Children." By Edward A. Freeman, M.A. With Maps. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

* "Great Mysteries and Little Plagues." By John Neal. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1870.

† "The Fairy Egg, and what it Held." By Three Friends. With illustrations by Lucy Gibbons. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870.

‡ "An American Family in Paris." With fifty-eight illustrations of historical movements and familiar scenes. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1869.

it. And just so far as this is a departure from reality, we fear it is unprofitable for the young. The illustrations would count on the other side, of course, but then a few stereoscopic views would outweigh them all.

Miss McKeever has, no doubt, a genuine fondness for children,* but she has also an undeniable weakness for verse, which quite swallows up the good which might result from the former. In this latest production of her muse, where verse and prose alternate in a curious manner, she shows her utter incapacity as a versifier—e. g.:

"The bride is a pigeon, so white and so pure,
The groom, dressed in dove-color, looks so demure;
Blue jays for the groomsmen, with heads perched so high,
And red-birds for bridesmaids, so gay and so spry."

And so on, almost without end. We question, too, whether Miss McKeever can write a hundred consecutive verses without such false rhyming as in these two lines:

"In their travels, they met with some very strange birds,
But the shy little pigeons so seldom had stirred, etc."

There is much to forgive, however, if these stanzas were evoked by the colored prints—which is quite likely.

* "Jack and Florie; or, The Pigeon's Wedding. By Harriet B. McKeever." Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1870.

** Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.

Authors.—Titles.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Publishers.—Prices.

Alexander (H. C.), <i>Life of Joseph Addison Alexander</i> , D.D., 2 vols.....	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)
Christians Day: a Poem for Children, swd.....	(Turner & Bros.) \$0 50
Colange (L.), <i>Zell's Popular Encyclopedia</i> , No. 15, swd.....	(T. Elwood Zell) 0 50
Ffoulkes (E. S.), <i>Second Letter to Archbishop Manning</i> , swd.....	(Pott & Amery) 0 25
Hentz (Mrs. C. L.), <i>Rena: a Tale</i>	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
Hill (G.), <i>Titania's Banquet, and Other Poems</i>	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Kroeger (A. E.), <i>Fichte's New Exposition of the Science of Knowledge</i> , swd.....	(John Wiley & Son)
Lea (H. C.), <i>Studies in Church History</i>	(Henry C. Lea)
McKeever (Miss H. B.), <i>Jack and Florie; or, The Pigeons' Wedding</i>	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger)
Nanny's Christmas: a Story for Children.....	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger) 0 75
Nauman (M. D.), <i>Twisted Threads: a Tale</i>	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger) 1 50
Pummill (J.), <i>Russet Leaves</i>	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Smith (Rev. S. F.), <i>Rock of Ages: Poems</i>	(D. Lothrop & Co.)
Thackeray (W. M.), <i>Four Georges and English Humorists</i>	(Fields, Osgood & Co.) 1 25
The Fairy Egg, and What it Held: a Child's Story.....	(Fields, Osgood & Co.) 1 50
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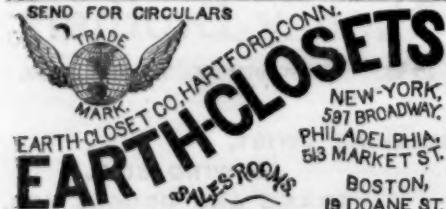
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